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The Field At Home



S.O.S



CATHOLIC

NATIONAL



SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place, Toronto



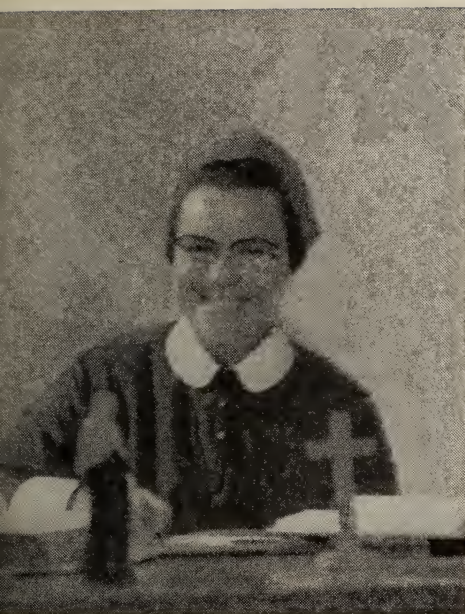
O AE YE BEASTS AND CATTE BESS YE THE LORD

This day the Christ is born: this day
the Saviour is appeared: this day the
Angels sing praises in the earth and
the archangels rejoice: this day the
righteous are glad and say: Glory to
God in the highest. Alleluia.

Roman Breviary

To our friends and benefactors,
a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Sisters of Service



Memo

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Are you a cynical soul who believes that all seasonal greetings are mere formalities, words for words sake? When you read the greeting on the inside front cover of this issue did you, with Scrooge, say, "Humbug"? If you did, and we hope you did not, your cynicism may be jolted by the practical steps we take to effect the fulfillment of our wishes. Here they are—for our benefactors:

-22 Holy Masses offered monthly
125 days offered weekly, (each sister offers one day)

250 Paters, Aves and Glorias said daily

Who are our benefactors? The friends who by prayer, work, financial

or other contributions help in the furtherance of our work for God and souls. Without belabouring Tennyson's famous line, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams", we fearlessly assert: if prayer is our only means of repaying our benefactors, it is a singularly telling means. And surely the prayer of grateful hearts has a special appeal to the Heart of God.

* * *

Speaking of benefactors: one of the girls residing in our Montreal Club recently canvassed, on her own, for subscriptions to *The Field at Home* and came up with twenty-two. A friend in Detroit sent us a list of people whom

NOTHING IS EVER ACCOMPLISHED TOMORROW.

she thought might be interested in subscribing. Other friends, one in the same city, another in St. John, Quebec, not only got several new subscriptions

but look after the annual renewal as well. These generous friends are surely benefactors. The Editor wishes their name was Legion!

We offer our congratulations to the Redemptorist Fathers of the Toronto Province and the Edmonton Vice-Province on the opening of the new Holy Redeemer College in Windsor. We join them in thanking God for this

magnificent achievement. We pray that the labour which went into the planning and financing of the College may result in a steady going forth of zealous missionaries into the Mission Fields at home and abroad.

A singular honour has come to the Upper Canada Province of the Society of Jesus in the election of Very Reverend Father John L. Swain, S.J. as English Assistant to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society in Rome. We rejoice with the Fathers and Brothers of the Upper Canada Province. We think we have a right to

justifiable pride too, because a great Canadian belongs, in a way, to all of us.

We take this opportunity to offer to Very Reverend Father Gordon George, S.J. our prayers and best wishes on the occasion of his appointment as Provincial Superior of the Upper Canada Province of the Society.

THE PROMISE OF THE STARS

The promise of the stars is . . . "The darkest night the world has ever known did not put out the stars."

There is a tremendous philosophy packed into the single sentence, in it is the essence of all the progress which mankind has made, and it is a brave line! It speaks of faith and the hope of those souls who stumble and fall, and get up again, and go on, and lead the world forward. We cannot help being discouraged at times. But we can remember the **Promise** of the **Stars**.

"The darkest night the world has ever known did not put out the stars."

FORMULA FOR SUCCESS: DON'T QUIT LOOKING



Madonna's Lullaby

Sleep, little nestling, I love thee.
Sleep, little king. I am bending above thee!
How should I know what to sing
Here, in my arms as I swing thee to sleep?
Hushaby low,
Rockaby so,
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring.
Mother has only a kiss for her king!
Why should my singing so make me to weep?
Only I know that I love thee, I love thee,
Love thee, my little one,
Sleep.

Alfred Noyes

MOTHER CABRINI DOES

Sister Liota and some of the young guests at the party.



All was set for the Christmas party on Sunday afternoon. Party for whom? For all our little New Canadians in Halifax. Sisters Dulaska and Liota had issued the invitations. We had collected some toys, the C.W.L. furnished the rest and looked after the refreshments as well. And the Club girls had decorated the tree beautifully.

Many of the children and their parents knew very little English, if any. Therefore our two Sister linguists just had to be in attendance. There was a ship due on Sunday morning, but we knew the Sisters could handle her and still be in time for the party. Imagine our consternation when we received word that the ship due on **Saturday** had lost time and would not dock until **Sunday afternoon!** If this came about we would have no interpreters at the party. We held a Council of War on Saturday after breakfast. Said one Sister, "What about Mother Cabrini? She is the patroness of immigration and of immigrants?" So we placed our problem in her hands with startling results.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE THE IDEA THEY ARE WORTH A

IT AGAIN



As many of you know, the harbour is easily seen from our house. About ten-thirty on this memorable Saturday morning we heard a boat "toot" and saw smokestacks which the Sisters were sure they recognized as those of the miscreant ship. A quick phone-call to the port brought this reply: "Sister, it beats all. This ship was definitely held up by bad weather. Our last word from her was that she could not possibly make it before Sunday afternoon, and here she comes sailing in. We have to work her right away. Be seein' you Sister."

Mother Cabrini had done it again!

The party was a grand success. There were about sixty children of many different nationalities. Each re-

ceived a gift from the Infant Jesus whose Crib centred a table close to the Christmas tree. The noise began as the children received their gifts. Some of the families had not seen each other in months. It was like bedlam, but they had a wonderful time. The party closed with Benediction. Many of the children brought their toys into the chapel and I'm sure Our Lord was pleased. Everyone joined in the Latin hymns which were really rousing. Mother Cabrini and her celestial companions must have enjoyed the holy din as Germans, French, Poles, Dutch, Italians, Hungarians and others, bound together by the Bond of Union which is the Faith, lustily sang the praises of Our Sacramental Lord.

Sister Gertrude Walsh

EXPERIENCE . . .

Experience seems to be like the shining of a bright lantern. It suddenly makes clear in the mind what was already there, perhaps, but dim.

Walter De La Mare

Experience inkreases our wizdum but don't reduse our pholllys.

H. W. Shaw (Josh Billings)

LOT OF MONEY JUST BECAUSE THEY HAVE IT.

THE EDSON STORY

Sister M. Knechtel

What is St. John's Hospital, Edson? It is a small, general hospital. And what is a small general hospital? It's a large general hospital in miniature except that the patients never become mere numbers. They are part of the hospital family; their ups and downs, joys and sorrows are woven into the fabric of every hospital day. Many of them are born, have their own babies and, finally, die in their community hospital. When the hospital is Catholic their spiritual ailments are given equal care and attention with the physical. St. John's serves a far-flung area whose outer fringes are sparsely settled. It is from these outer fringes that stray sheep often come to us. When for years one lives many miles away from church and priest, it is so easy to wander far from the Faith and so difficult to find one's way back.

There was John, for instance, well over 70 years. From time to time a heart condition brought him to us for days or weeks. Everyone loved him. When he was well enough to be up and around the other patients looked forward to his visits, his cheerfulness, his ready stories. The children, especially,

were his friends. And what a boon to the staff when John's stories and pictures kept the small fry quiet and content. The poor old heart, though, was not getting younger or stronger and John was advised that it would be well to straighten his accounts with God. He took the advice, thank God, and knew a deep peace. A few days later John was discharged from the hospital;

In sickness as in health hats do things for women.



A GOOD RULE FOR GOING THROUGH LIFE IS TO KEEP

Sisters Allen, Pelletier and two staff members help to enliven a Christmas birthday in hospital.



he returned to his rooming-house and was found dead.

But it is not all gloom, death and death-bed conversions in our hospital. Often and often there is the thrill of a Baptism. We had one young couple, barely out of their teens, whose happiness and excitement on the arrival of their first and completely perfect (of course) baby was quite contagious. The baby had to be baptized immediately! And what a family affair! The parents, just bursting with pride, the grandparents, nearly bursting and the great-grandmother, a patient at the time and a non-Catholic, who was doing her own share of bursting with pride too.

The children are nearly always with us. Noisy, self-centred, frequently unmanageable and completely lovable, they don't miss a trick and they make life interesting for everyone around them. The Indian and Metis children have an uncanny and almost instinctive

knowledge of nature and the things of nature, birds, animals, fish. Then there is the more sophisticated type who has started to school and who can usually be depended on to give us some good laughs. One such youngster described her new teacher as "a painted savage" when she was only a modern young lady.

Each day brings its quota of admissions and discharges. Accidents are plentiful in this area, both on the highways and in the woodlands, and all require patient, watchful care. Often the priest and doctor work side by side, each with his sacred duty to perform. And in the general scheme the religious nurse has a vital role; assisting the doctor, caring for the patient, consoling and encouraging the relatives. Actually, every member of a hospital staff has a vital role, no matter what it may be, and a unique opportunity to live completely the glorious doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

"A Missionary is a messenger of God and His Church, not of the missionary's country, nationality or government."

THE HEART A LITTLE SOFTER THAN THE HEAD.

The time has come for me to leave
This happy house where I
Have lived a little while—
And now it seems
The days went by
Too swiftly—
Were much too brief
For holding—
Time stole them
Like a thief.

These things I will remember—
The chapel, first of all—
The flowers on the altar,
The Stations on the wall.

The bell that rang at six o'clock
And roused me from my bed—
The many times I knelt at Mass
And bowed my sleepy head.

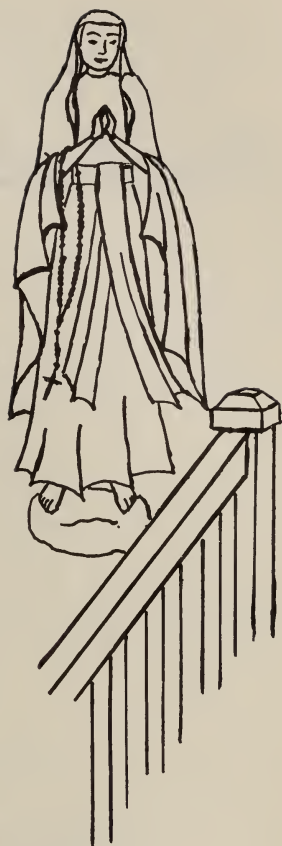
The girls who shared part of their lives
With each other, and with me—
The little things like ironing,
And Miss Brooks on T.V.
And sympathy when needed,
And gags to bring a grin
When the whole darned world was upside down
And the skies as dark as sin.



Ed. Note: Beatrice and Teresa are both
former residents of the Vancouver
Club.

Drawing by Teresa McLeod.

These Things I Will Remember



The many times I touched the hand
Of Our Lady of the Stairs—
The peaceful sound through an open door
Of the Sisters at their prayers.

The fresh green of the laurel hedge
Dripping in the rain—
The funny latch on the garden gate
That opens in the lane.

These things I will remember,
And I'll take along with me
A patchwork quilt of scraps of time
Cross stitched with memory.

And when some days are weary,
As some days are bound to be—
I'll take my quilt and feel its warmth
Right in the heart of me.

Beatrice Jourdain

Frustratedly Yours

Dear Sister Editor:

Behold my blasted hopes! I am completely disgusted with photography. Here is my tale of woe. I made arrangements with a teacher to use her camera, bought bulbs etcetera early in December, but the weather was terrible just when I wanted her to take the pictures. With an awful lot of urging I got about sixty pupils out, in forty below zero, to pose singing carols, then while I was trying to arrange them, the teacher got cold, Sister Coffey was late so two pictures were snapped without a sister in either. Then when Sister did come, it is only too apparent that she was not singing. In order to get the snap of the stable in process of erection (or demolition) the boys got

energetic the wrong way and dropped the roof on one of the shepherds thus breaking his hands!

We went to all kinds of trouble to place the coat racks in proper light, to remove the overshoes with fur and to collect, from all over the school, boots that looked as though they were used in mud. (You should have heard the uproar when the pupils were looking for their foot-gear at 3:30 p.m.) We kept a few high school students to pose and sent all the others to the auditorium out of our way. We closed doors, raised or lowered blinds, fussed and fussed and ————— the boy took the two snaps on the same film then spoiled the last one on the roll also!! I quit!



← Amateur's picture of me.

↓ Sister Coffey's back to camera.



CRITICISM IS SOMETHING YOU CAN AVOID BY SAYING

Nor is that all. Here are a few more typical fizzes. When I took the two sisters' pictures in the North West Territories, I was very careful to get **in** the background the **cut** of trees that shows the borderline of Alberta and the N.W.T. Sister Superior sent you the only picture in which the border did not show.

Because I am definitely not photographic I did not get into any of the pictures the professional photographer took. I spent hours planning and directing when he came. Sister Coffey obediently did just what I told her, even unto turning her back in several takes. I was rather taken with some of the prints, but Sister Superior says: "They'll never use them when her back is turned." Though I was not in any of the professional's pictures, I just could not refuse one of the teachers

and one little boy's 107th request, and so, I let them snap me—and you print both of the amateur's and none of the professionals. Again, "I quits".

While I still had my enthusiasm I asked Sister Superior if I might buy a film for my own little Kodak and she consented. I have it now in the cupboard at school. If you still wish for them, I could **easily** take outside pictures of mud, the bus in mud, the children waiting to get in the door holding muddy boots, or snaps on the playground or at the picnic. Anything you like, but, I warn you, when that roll is finished **so am I!!!**

Frustratedly yours,

Sister R. Hudon
Manning, Alberta

The only picture in which the border between
Alberta & N.W.T. did not show.



NOTHING, DOING NOTHING AND BEING NOTHING.

Six Came by Freight

Sister Margaret Morgan

Darkness had fallen over the countryside and it was raining heavily when the train pulled into Smith. Father Jal appeared out of the gloom to greet us. He collected our bags, charts and blackboard, stowed them in the trunk of his car and we were on the way to the rectory. With the aid of a flashlight we followed Father, single file, up the wet, slippery hill from the rectory to the old, disused log church which was to be our home for two weeks. The inside had been freshly painted in gay colours. The ancient stove shone with silver paint, and on the wall to welcome us was a large picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. The far side of the room was partitioned off with sheets and grey blankets. Behind the improvised curtains, four little Indian maidens listened intently to our entrance. They and we were to share the log church for the duration of the vacation school. They were our boarding pupils. We glanced behind the curtains—into four pairs of sparkling dark eyes which smiled at us just over the top of the bed covers. Three were in one large bed and one was rolled up in a sleeping-bag on the floor. (Three boys, also boarders, had been safely

tucked in for the night in the woodshed behind the rectory until their tent was put up.) It was late; we were weary and cold and were glad to retire behind our blanket.

Before we went to prayers and Mass at 7:30 next morning the children were up and around. We met them afterwards at breakfast in the rectory where space was so scarce that you could not lift your cup without poking your neighbour in the face with your elbow. The rectory, (what's in a name?) consisted of two rooms; one, Father's bedroom, served as store-room for the vegetables which had been brought in by the people for use during vacation school. The front room was a combination office, kitchen, dining-room and waiting-room for all the stranded folk around. There was always someone waiting; waiting to go on the bus; waiting for someone to come off the bus; waiting for a ride North or East. The front room was also the barber-shop. Business was usually brisk after class each day. Father had a steady line of unkempt heads to be clipped and mowed down while we washed dishes at the other end of the room. Father is a true missionary—"all things to all men".

HUMANITY IS DIVIDED INTO TWO CLASSES:



Sister Morgan with two of the Boarders.

We had been fortunate in getting the use of two classrooms at the school so it was not long before the 62 youngsters enrolled were busy and happy at their desks. To know the long Act of Contrition was the academic standing to be acquired by the twenty eager First Communicants. It seemed an almost hopeless task for many at first, but the majority made the grade before August 15, the Big Day. Because of bad roads, the children from one family had to remain home for two days. When they finally got in, Sister asked their father if they had studied the Act of Contrition.

"Sister", he replied, "That is all I have heard for two days. The whole family knows it now."

On Friday, the boarders prepared to go home for the weekend. This meant a train ride to a poor little dwelling deep in the bush, but "home is where the heart is." Preparations started right after supper; the boys washed themselves and pasted their black hair down with an abundance of water. After all, they were going by "passenger" which was quite a different thing to coming in by "freight". Mabel,

the eldest at 10 years, wore, so she informed us, her good costume jacket. She carried a large battered suitcase with her name scrawled on the side in coloured pencil. The others carried well-worn shopping bags. They were a pathetic little group. It had rained all day, everything was cold and damp so we lit a fire in the shiny stove and the youngsters played cards until 10:30. Then they went to the rectory, happy in the possession of six big sugar-doughnuts to be eaten on the train. Father would see them aboard and their Uncle Somebody would meet them at the journey's end.

With our boarders gone we anticipated a little relaxation. But man proposes . . . between road repairs and wet weather it was impossible for some of the children to get home after class on Saturday. Four little girls took over the empty beds and we served twenty-one for supper that night. Sister Anstett, an excellent caterer, served substantial meals to match the substantial appetites of the children.

On Monday evening the whistle of the freight train announced the arrival of our boarders. Sure enough, as we

THOSE IN THE SWIM AND THOSE IN THE SOUP.



Sister Anstett gives a lesson on Confession.

looked out they were coming down the road, smiling and gay with the same old suitcase and bags, their shoes soaking from rain and mud. "Hi, Sister, we're back again and we know the Act of Contrition and the Ten Commandments." Proving that it had been a well-spent weekend.

Thus far the three lads in the tent were having a wonderful time. Late Monday night, after several hours of heavy rain, Father was inspired to see how the boys were faring. They were blissfully asleep with the mattresses at floating stage in the water. Father carried them, one by one, into the

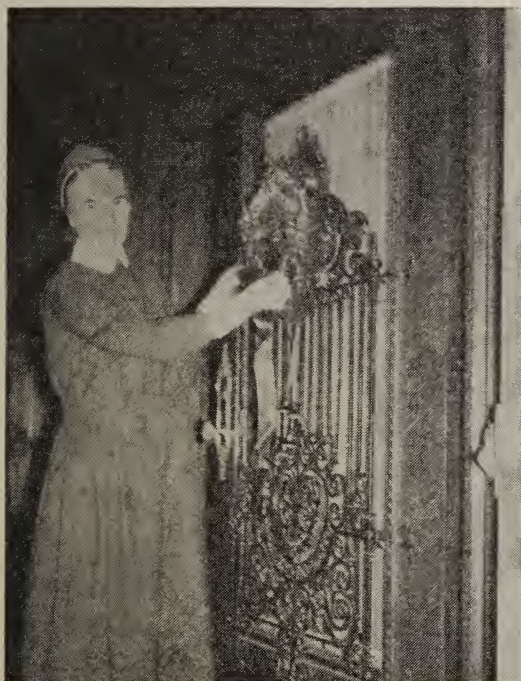
rectory for the remainder of the night.

In preparation for First Holy Communion Sister Annstett had a hair-dressing salon, for the boarders, out in the open by the side of the church. The process was on the assembly-line plan. All heads soaped and shampooed first, then a wait on the bench for the second wash, then the final rinsing and into the old church they went to dry out by the stove. The result was a bevy of lasses with softly gleaming hair. They were rather subdued that evening as three of them had made their first confession that day.

On the feast of the Assumption twenty children received Our Lord for the first time into their simple hearts. Many of the parents were present at the Mass—in fact it was the biggest congregation since Father had come, over a year ago. It was the biggest collection too—**five dollars and some cents.**

Getting out of Smith proved more difficult than getting in. We intended to go by the 6 p.m. bus. At 10:45 p.m. the bus had not come so our good friend, the district nurse, took us the short distance to her home where we finally decided to go by the train which passes through Smith at 4:15 a.m. Meanwhile, we would have a rest. In the interval, we heard the North-bound train whistle in at the station. We could picture our six little ones boarding it once again for their home in the bush. Father would see them safely on with their torn bags and the suitcase. They might be poor and lowly in the eyes of the world, but how precious in the sight of God. And how privileged we to have been chosen as the instruments through whom they would learn to know, to love and to serve Him.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO CHOOSE THE SECOND BEST.



Our Family Christmas

Through the open door of the Mother House greetings go East, West, North and South to the S.O.S. family at Christmas.

In his Christmas letter of 1951, Father Daly wrote: "Once more Christmas is in the offing. From Sea to Sea, from the rugged coast of Newfoundland to the sunny slopes of Vancouver Island, the air is vibrant with Christmas carols. How we love to hear them! We listen to them as one who hears a far-off bell upon a still and frosty night. The ties that bind us seem strengthened during this Holy Season. As we gather

around our Christmas tree, time and space seem to vanish and we become one large happy family."

In this picture story we want to give you a glimpse of the far-flung S.O.S. family, which reaches across Canada from coast to coast and down into North Dakota in the United States. We are indeed, and we thank God for it, "one large happy family."

DO NOT ALWAYS BE NURSING A GRIEVANCE. TEACH IT TO WALK.

In St. John's, Newfoundland, Sister Fitzpatrick clears the roof of the outdoor Crib. Many good friends had co-operated in its erection.



A Pic

Sister Haut works on Christmas decorations with two Winnipeg Club girls (above) while Sister Ella Deland (right) distributes gifts to her Vancouver Club family.





Sister Allen and a small patient inspect the Crib, tree and other decorations in the sun porch of St. John's Hospital, Edson.

re Story



In Edmonton the Sisters from both houses celebrate at the Club. Sisters Phillips, Schmeltzer, Morgan, Dwyer and Frances Coffey are intent on a game. We don't know whether the iron and the shoe are gifts or prizes.



← Sisters E. Dwyer and Renaud tune up in Camp Morton.



Down by the Sea in Halifax
5 year old Rocco, whose
mother works at the Club,
helps Sister Walsh to re-
juvenate dolls for the New
Canadians' Christmas Party



Up in the Peace River coun-
try the Sisters from all three
northern missions unite for
a family Christmas. Sister
Marie MacDougall (Man-
ning) reads. Sister Corke
(Rycroft) and Sister Mill
(Peace River) pop corn.



Crib in Edmonton Club Chapel.

Father Daly closed the letter already quoted with the following words: "When kneeling before the Crib during this Christmas Season, let us rededicate ourselves wholeheartedly to the 'most abandoned souls' as we did when we pronounced our Vows. By your vocation you may well say with the Divine Master: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon

me; He has anointed me and sent me out to preach the Gospel to the poor.' (Luke IV-18). If you are faithful to the spirit of your vocation you will always love the poor, the sick, the children and the lonely immigrants."

We ask your prayers, dear Friends, that we may be faithful to that lofty ideal during 1958 and always.

SOME HUSBANDS CAN DO NO WRONG. THEY WOULDN'T DARE.



Our Lady Came to Visit

Sister C. Schmeltzer

It is some time since we reported from 105th Street. There have been no hair-raising events such as tornadoes or earthquakes but our days are pleasantly full and interesting. We think you might like to hear about the little things which keep our house humming.

In the early summer we had a most Distinguished Visitor. The Pilgrim Statue of Our Lady of Fatima was brought to us for an overnight visit by Reverend Father Moore, S.F.M. We welcomed Our Lady with the singing of the Fatima hymn followed by sermon and Benediction. Recitation of the Rosary was continuous through the night. Our honoured Guest then journeyed on, leaving behind her, we are sure, many graces. Her Immaculate Heart must have been made happy by the devotion her visit evoked.

We have thirty-two girls in residence. With that number of young ladies about, we, necessarily, become

interested and involved in their work and their plans. The girls provide a good deal of their own entertainment—planned and otherwise—even to the extent of coming up with outlandish pranks. One evening the smell of cigars seemed to be issuing from the sisters' quarters. There had been a few stories of prowlers, so, immediately, a search was begun. The mystery was soon solved. Two girls had accepted a dare to smoke a cigar and had secreted themselves in the trunk room. They opened the window, not realizing it was below the sisters' sleeping quarters. They were discovered with red faces and streaming eyes, very embarrassed and with no desire to repeat the performance.

Two Sisters and three girls go out each Sunday afternoon during the school year to teach the truths of our Holy Faith to the children at the R.C.A.F. Station Namao. The parents

INSCRIPTION ON A TOMBSTONE: "HERE LIES AN

of the children take turns calling for the catechists with commendable fidelity. This work is immensely interesting and stimulating. In an older class Sister was discussing vocations. One boy asked if one could know his vocation when he was pre-adolescent, "you know, like me!" Another group was studying the Sacraments and talking about matrimony. The teacher told the little ones to pray that when they grew up they would marry someone who was good and who thought the same way as they about important things. One bright lassie of ten said: "My mother was sure lucky to marry her husband. He doesn't drink or smoke and has only one ulcer."

Two afternoons a week three boys wend their way to 9919 to learn the Latin responses for Mass. They give us a few merry moments on the side. One afternoon their regular teacher was out and a visiting Sister took Latin.

She asked what they were studying at school and one little fellow enlightened her. "Right now we are practising singing all the time for our Pastor's Silver Jubilee." When asked if they sang, they agreed that they did, all, that is, but Jackie—he jerked. They proceeded to demonstrate with **Vivat Pastor Bonus**. During the singing Jackie caught his breath with a sort of whistling gasp. At the finish, Terry commented: "See, Sister, see what I mean."

As you know our house is centrally located and we frequently have Sisters from nearby missions visiting us. Once when the Sisters were returning from retreat, we had a rather large group here and one of the girls asked if we were holding a convention. If you have an opportunity to drop in, please do, and see first hand the things that come to pass. I am sure you would find it more interesting than reading about us.



Sister Phillips with two of the Latin Pupils.

'ATHEIST, ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO.'

THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST

He came to her from out eternal years,
A smile upon His lips, a tender smile
That, somehow, spoke of partings and of tears.

'Twas Eventide, and silence brooded low
On earth and sky—the hour when haunting fears
Of mystery pursue us as we go.

Strange mystic shadows filled the temple dim,
But on the Golden Door the ruby glow
Spoke orisons more sweet than vesper hymn.

No human accents voiced His gentle call,
No crashing thunderbolts did wait on Him,
As when of old He deigned to summon Saul.

But Heart did speak to heart, an unseen cord,
In Love's own scale did sweetly rise and fall;
Nor questioned she, but meekly answered, "Lord."

To-night some household counts a vacant chair,
But far on high Christ portions the reward,
A hundred-fold for each poor human care.

Reverend D. A. Casey

SISTERS OF SERVICE - 2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO 5, ONT.

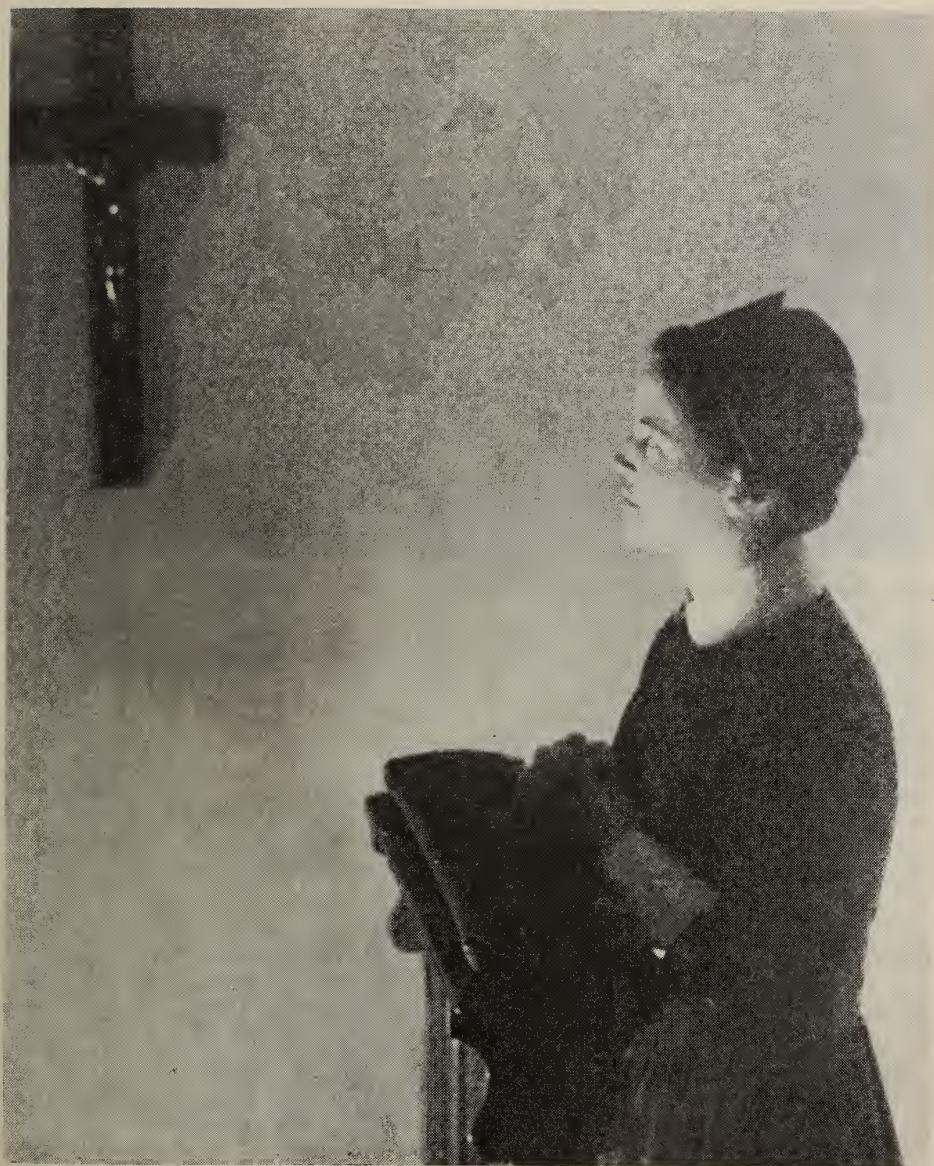
Dear Sisters:

I would like to hear more about the work of the Sisters of Service. I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name Age

Street

City Zone Province



*"Take O Lord and receive my entire liberty, my
memory, my understanding and my will . . .
Give me but Thy love and Thy grace . . ."*

Dear Sisters



From Religious Correspondence Schools in Edmonton, Regina and Fargo, N.D.

Of Many Things

I am getting along fine with my lessons I wish I could have sent in my lessons sooner but we were practicing for a concert and didn't have time but now I can so I thought I might write a little letter. We have two rabbits and two cats but our dog was run over. I call My rabbit thumper and John's flopears. And the two cats are puff and winky they are the faimly cats. We have one horse her name is Dolly. Dad can't go near her for she kicks, John and Mom and I are the only ones who can get near her, we ride her to school. Well, I guess I had better go. Sincerely,

Margaret

Would you kindly send me two or three lessons at once as I haven't got anything to do these long winter nights. It would help me to finish my course sooner as I might not be able to have the chance later on. Sincerely yours in Christ,

Andy

This lesson has been very entertaining and I want to tell you that some of the questions might be wrong. Also I believe you have sent me this lesson before, and I enjoyed it both times. If you send it the third time,

I should do it right and have no mistakes. So good-bye for now and forever. May your love reign to all people.

Joe

I have something to tell you when I had lessons when I got my third one I was going to send it to you but I lost it so my mother told me to pray to St. Anthony so I did and when I went to school my mother found it.

Bernadette

I would like to have a Catholic Catechism book. I am in Grade six I would like to have a grade six Catgolic book. I'll like to have it C.O.D. I will pay postmaster or I will send the money if you don't take C.O.D. please write back and let me know. Please include test sheets because I don't want to forget Jesus who made everything for me. Will this be alright for now, but please send the book. If you don't take C.O.D. please write back to me. Yours truly,

Richard

How are you these days? I am not feeling very good, in fact nobody around here is. Everybody gets such headaches. Mama says it is spring fever, but I don't know where spring is. It was spring a couple

WHEN A PEDESTRIAN JUMPS TO A CONCLUSION,

of days but now its blowing again. Thank you for those lovely pictures you sent me. I am saving them and Mama is going to get me a book to paste them in. And I am going to make a book out of my lessons. I like to do my lessons, I think they're fun because they aren't hard. I liked lesson 9 because it is about the saint I am going to take when I am going to receive Confirmation. I like the story of Mary Magdalen. My aunt took that name for the same reason. I have loved that since I don't remember when. How do you do those games there isn't enough room to put the words. I like to colour the pictures they're fun to colour them. Goodbye for now. Beverley

Here is a letter from Rina. I am in the 4th. grade. Truus is in the 3rd. grade. Truus is not going to school anymore. She has been in the hospital one week. She has been home home 3 weeks. On Saturday she is going to the doctor's office. First she couldn't walk at all. She couldn't move her leg or it would hurt. Now it is going fine. She has an rheumatic fever. I like the lessons real much. We go to Church every Sunday. Almost every Sunday we go to Mass at 7 o'clock and sometimes at 9 o'clock. We live 15 miles from church and town. In Holland the children went to church almost every day because we lived close to the church. In Holland we went to a Catholic school. About in every village there was a Catholic church and school. When I was 3 years I went to a kindergarten school. In May we will be in Canada 5 years. We first lived 2 and a half years by Picture Butte by Lethbridge. My fathers and brothers worked in the sugar beets. That is why you get sugar in your cup. We have 11 children. One of them married last November the 10th. Thank you for the pictures you gave my Mom. I just love them. Goodbye I have to say my night prayers. Your catechism pupil.

Rina

Part of the Hundredfold

I would like to thank you for the little gift "Christ in the Gospels" which I received on Sunday. I would also like to thank you for all you have done in the past ten years to help me know my catechism better. Now that I have completed the course, I can look back and see how much I really learned. Although I may forget

some of it, I hope to remember most of it for the rest of my life. May God bless you for all you have done and are still doing! Yours very gratefully, Rita

Perhaps you might call this my farewell letter to you but at any rate I write it to show my deep gratitude for your painstaking care and kindness throughout the entire time that I took your course. I have enjoyed every letter, every lesson so much that it makes me sad to know that the end has arrived; however, everything must come to an end sooner or later. As far as my vocation is concerned, I intend to join the Basilian Fathers sometime next month. It is the very fortunate who get a call from God and I am going to make the most of my opportunity. I would like to close with a sincere wish that the Lord will bless you a thousand times over and give you the reward promised those that serve Him faithfully. Your pupil Muroslaw

From the Parents:

My little girl was delighted to receive the lessons and is very interested in them. Although I am not a Catholic, I shall help her all I can. I also have a daughter who is five years old, and I'm wondering if she could have lessons too. I'm enclosing \$1.00 to help with the stamps. Thanks so much, Sincerely,

Mrs. S.

I don't suppose we will hear from you until after the summer holidays. You'll be busy teaching some of your pupils in person. David's thumb is fine. He uses that hand almost as well as if he had not lost part of his thumb. Thank you for your interest and for remembering him. The children enjoy the encouraging notes you write on their papers and so do I. Enclosed are three dollars to help defray the cost of the lessons. Please let me know if more is needed. Thank you for the year's work. Sincerely,

Mrs. W.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for the Catechism lessons. They are so very interesting, and the children are most anxious to study. I am enclosing one dollar to cover the cost of the little Catechism Text and the balance you may use for stamps. May the dear Lord continue to shower His blessings on the good Sisters and their work. Respectfully yours,

Mrs. L.

HE PROBABLY WASN'T MOVING FAST ENOUGH.

Could We Have A Dish-Mop?

Sister Mary MacDougall
With apologies to A. A. Milne

The Cook
Asked the mother
And the mother
Asked the Hardware-
man
Could we have a
dish-mop
To do the dishes with?
The Hardware-man
Scratched his head
And looked
Sort of dubious—
Just wait a moment
Here, he said
I'll look around a bit.

He groped
And he hunted
And he squinted
under counters
And when he
Couldn't find one
He sadly
Shook his head
But then he
Brightened up some
With a charming
Suggestion—wouldn't
We be satisfied
With "Kurly Kate"
instead?



So "Kurly Kate" it was
And she bravely
Did her bit—
But we yearned
For a dish-mop
To do the dishes with.
Our groans and
Lamentations
Must have gone
To St. Nicholas
For on this lovely night
Of December 25th
He sent us a dish-mop
To do the dishes with.

(Written at Christmas when presenting a Sister with a dish-mop she had ardently desired.)

THE REASON WHY WORRY KILLS MORE PEOPLE THAN



Some of the workers at the Garden Party with Sister O'Kane and Sister Hearn.

The Faithful Few

On Thursday evening, October 12, 1950, a group of the Toronto relatives of some of the Sisters of Service met in the Residential Club at No. 4 Wellesley Place and formed themselves into the Sisters of Service Auxiliary. The aim of the Auxiliary is to help the Sisters financially in their various missionary works. During the ensuing years the circle has opened up to include friends as well as relatives. Despite the fact that the group has never been numerically strong and that several original members have died, the records show an amazing number of money-making projects, great and small, which the Auxiliary has successfully sponsored. Donations of money and needed equipment have been sent to many of our western missions.

On September 14 this year, the Auxiliary held a combined Garden Party and Bazaar at No. 4. The result? The proceeds were sufficient to cover the heavy expense of installing a new

and badly needed hot water boiler here in the Club.

Each year in December the Auxiliary sponsors a toy shower for children in Western Canada. There are always homes where parents are unable to provide their children with the toys which bring joy to a child's heart. The aim of the toy shower is to supply the lack for as many of these little people as possible.

New members are eagerly welcomed by the Auxiliary. More members mean more work and more assistance to the Sisters in their work for God and souls. Membership means more than just work and money, however. It is an opportunity to co-operate in the missionary apostolate. This is an obligation for, according to our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII: "Every Catholic, in as much as he shares the mission of the Church is—or should be—a missionary."

Sister Agnes Hearn

WORK IS THAT MORE PEOPLE WORRY THAN WORK.

S.O.S.-ogram

Halifax

"We wish to extend our welcome to our new Port Chaplain, Father Leo Burns, S.J. Someone remarked that Father is stepping into the shoes of a great man in replacing the late Reverend Anthony Deslauriers, S.J. We have no worries on that score. We are sure that Father Burns will fill those shoes admirably.

To commemorate the first anniversary of the Hungarian uprising in October 1956, a special Mass was offered at St. Mary's Basilica for the souls of those who fought so bravely for freedom from Communist tyranny. Reverend Father Richard Murphy, Chaplain to the Hungarians in the City, was the celebrant. About ninety refugees were



Reverend Father Burns.

present. We prepared a light lunch which was served here after the Mass."



Montreal

The following incident, a commonplace in the Montreal Club, is described in a letter from Sister Fitzmaurice. We think it gives a fine insight into the work done in Montreal. "A young Irish couple was referred here from St. Patrick's two nights ago. We thought we could not possibly squeeze another soul into the house but we managed to find a corner for the wife. The man was taken in by one of our married couples. Having

tramped the streets for two weeks without finding work they were pretty discouraged and their funds had run out. They ran into a party here last night and now they are in on the Hallowe'en party. He has work for Monday and work here for the next two days putting on storm windows. We expect to place them where both can work, thus solving their board problem. So now, 'Life is worth living again, Sister.'"

THIS MAY BE A MAN'S WORLD, BUT

Sinnett, Saskatchewan

Sister Trautman, one of the teachers at Loyola Continuation School in Sinnett, writes: "We had a Miss Reid out from the University to explain about 4H Club work and its aims. The girls have been divided into two groups, 11 to 12 years old in "Its Fun to Sew" and 12 to 14 years in "Beginners Dress-making." Each group has an adult leader, one of the mothers, and each leader has four assistants whom she

can call upon when necessary. The attendance is encouraging, each meeting ends with a Virginia Reel. The girls have made samples of stitches, have cut and quilted pot holders. The next project for the juniors is an oven mitt and for the seniors, a work bag. There were endless suggestions for a name but they finally made a decision. It is the L.N.S. 4H Club — The Loyola Nifty Stitches!"



Miss Reid from the University of Saskatchewan with some of the Loyola Nifty Stitches.

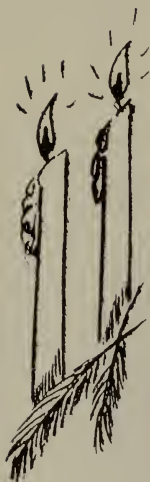
Winnipeg

We enjoyed this little story which came in a letter from Sister Hayes. It happened at the end of a religious vacation school. His Grace, Archbishop Pocock had come for Confirmation. Following the ceremony, His Grace strolled outside and spoke to

many of the people. One youngster in the group attracted the Archbishop's attention who asked him if he had been at vacation school. "No", replied the youngster, "I don't belong to your gang, I'm an Anglican."

THE WOMEN ARE PARTLY TO BLAME TOO.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR



It was Christmas Eve. As I went into the west ward to take the afternoon temperatures it seemed that the six patients were not at all downhearted at the prospect of Christmas in the hospital. They were older men ranging in age from 60 to 75, most of them with no fixed address. Since they were all up and about we had moved them into the one ward so that they could get a maximum of enjoyment out of the holiday season. Now, older men, usually, have a rather slow pulse rate of about 50 to 60 beats per minute. I counted the first man's pulse, it was 96. Goodness, I thought, I hope he is not catching something! His temperature was normal. The second pulse was 104, temperature normal. And so it continued. By the time I got to the fourth man I had begun to "smella da mouse." After the sixth rapid pulse and normal temperature, suspicion had become certainty. I said nothing until I got to the door on my way out. Then turning to the group I asked:

"Now, just where did you boys get the little nip?"

Hank Thompson, 73 years young, tall and straight as a stripling, waved his arm in its airplane splint at his companions and said grimly:

"I told you we couldn't fool her."

Sister E. Zink



HOPE IS UNWINDING A PIECE OF KNOTTED STRING

Recipe for

A Happy New Year

Take 12 fine, full-grown months . . . see that these are thoroughly free from old memories of bitterness . . . rancour . . . hate . . . and jealousy. Cleanse them completely from every clinging spite . . . pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness . . . in short . . . see that these months are freed from all the past . . . have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of time. Cut these months into 30 or 31 equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time . . . so many people spoil the entire lot this way. But prepare one day at a time . . . as follows: Into each day . . . put 12 parts of faith . . . 11 of patience . . . 10 of courage . . . nine of work . . . some people omit this ingredient and spoil the flavour of the rest . . . eight parts of hope . . . seven of fidelity . . . six of liberality . . . five of kindness . . . four of rest . . . three parts of prayer . . . two of meditation . . . and one well-selected resolution. Then put in a teaspoonful of good spirits . . . a dash of fun . . . a pinch of folly . . . jigger of laughter . . . a sprinkling of play . . . and a heaping cupful of good humour. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat . . . garnish with a few smiles . . . and a sprig of joy . . . then serve with quietness . . . unselfishness . . . and cheerfulness . . . and the result will be

A Happy New Year

You cannot visit the child without visiting the mother; you cannot in common life approach the child except through the mother. If we are to think of Christ in this aspect at all, the other idea follows as it is followed in history. We must either leave Christ out of Christmas, or Christmas out of Christ, or we must admit, if only as we admit it in an old picture, that those holy heads are too near together for the haloes not to mingle and cross.

G. K. Chesterton

Cato, the old Roman, started studying Greek when he was about eighty. Somebody asked him why he was beginning so large a task at so advanced an age. Cato said dryly that it was the youngest age he had left—and went on studying.

THAT YOU SUSPECT WON'T BE LONG ENOUGH ANYWAY.

BOOK REVIEW

Once to Sinai by H. F. M. Prescott, 310 pp. \$6.00 McLelland & Stewart Limited, 25 Hollinger Road, Toronto 16, Canada.

In this most recent of Miss Prescott's works, which is a sequel to **Jerusalem Journey**, the author again draws freely upon the **Evagatorium** of Friar Felix Fabri, the Swiss-born Dominican of Ulm. **Once to Sinai** is concerned with the score of persons who, leaving the main body of pilgrims to Jerusalem, continued on the arduous pilgrimage to Mount Sinai and the Monastery of St. Katherine of Alexandria. The book is excellent and should hold the attention of readers who have neither background nor previous interest in the subject. In the opening chapters we find the pilgrims busy with preparations for their journey; buying supplies, choosing donkeys, negotiating with guides and donkey-men, and finally leaving Jerusalem and Gaza. The book follows them over the desert wastes to their destination. Returning by a different route they come to Cairo, journey down the Nile to Alexandria and finally embark on the Venetian fleet for Venice and home.

In **Friar Felix**, Miss Prescott has a first-rate diarist. The Friar's insatiable and universal interest took note of everything; he had an almost infinite capacity to see and to enjoy. Desert sand, rock formations, animal life, vegetation, food, all of these intrigued Felix. Besides, he had an eye for a story. His curiosity led him into numerous narrow escapes but he managed, always, to fall on his feet. When he struts, and he does frequently, it is with a naiveté which is more charming than irritating. His ability to have things turn out right is probably not

so much due to blind chance as one might think. Felix had boundless enthusiasm for life in all of its manifestations however strange. He had reverence for goodness and sincerity wherever he met it. He had a warm charity towards his fellow men. These are qualities which attract and it could have been these very qualities which caused his solitary tours and somewhat reckless adventures to end happily for him.

The book contains a wealth of carefully annotated information (there are twenty pages of references at the end of the book) on the peoples, customs and commerce of the great Moslem empires and the equally great Venetian Republic. We read of the paradox of the Mamluk Sultanate in Egypt composed exclusively of ex-slaves and the further paradox of Christian nations closing the gap left by an adverse trade balance by pouring gold and silver into one of the great Moslem military powers.

Once To Sinai highlights Miss Prescott's genius in levelling the barriers erected by the centuries. One could be reading of one's own contemporaries, here and now, rather than of a group of 15th Century pilgrims. This reviewer believes that Friar Felix and his companions come convincingly alive for the reader because for the author, they do live. One can almost feel that, as Miss Prescott wrote, Felix peeped delightedly over her shoulder, half shy, wholly proud at all the attention, preening himself on his superb pilgrim's beard and chuckling at her as she chuckled at him, the good-humoured, light-hearted Friar so far from us in time, so very close in his humanity in which time makes but little change. EMZ

TROUBLES?

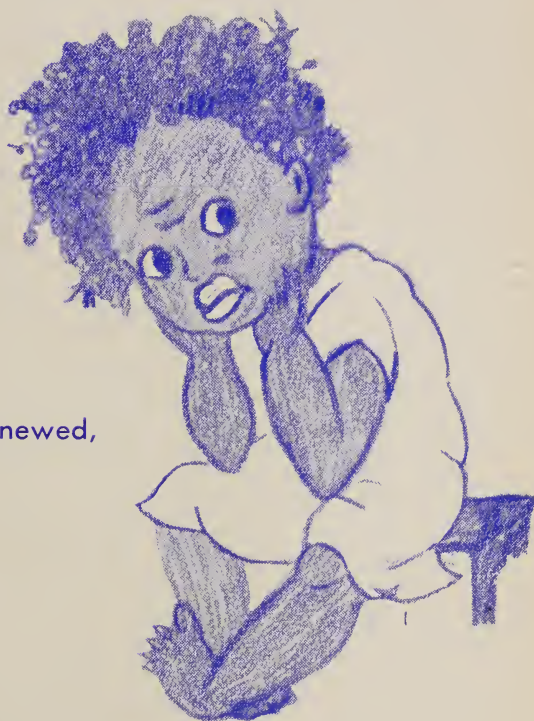
Ah has troubles !

Yo' has troubles ?

Ah know, everybody do !

But when subscriptions aren't renewed,

Oh, Honey, ah gets blue !



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S.O.S



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He Made Us Free

Hadst Thou not risen, there would be no more joy
Upon earth's sod;
Life would still be with us a wound or toy,
A cloud without the sun—O Babe, O Boy,
A man of Mother pure, with no alloy,
O risen God!

Thou, God and King, didst "mingle in the game,"
(Cease, all fears; cease!)

For love of us—not to give Virgil's fame
Or Croesus' wealth, not to make well the lame,
Or save the sinner from deserved shame,
But for sweet Peace!

For peace, for joy—not that the slave might lie
in luxury,

Not that all woe from us should always fly,
Or golden crops with Syrian roses vie
In every field; but in Thy peace to die
And rise—be free!

Maurice Francis Egan

**May the Glory of Easter fill the Hearts
and Homes of Our Friends and Benefactors.**

Sisters of Service

We Must Move The Stone

We must remove the sepulchral stone that has been used to shut truth and goodness away in the tomb. We must make Jesus rise—a real resurrection, which will permit no further dominion of death: **"The Lord has indeed risen"** (Luke 24, 34), "death has no more power over Him" (Rom. 6, 9).

In individuals, Jesus must destroy the night of mortal sin through the dawn of regained grace.

In families, the sun of love must take the place of the night of indifference and coldness.

In shops and factories, offices and fields, in cities, in nations, in lands of misunderstanding and hatred, the night must become bright as the day: *"nox sicut dies illuminabitur"*: and the fighting will end, and peace will reign.

Come, O Lord Jesus. Mankind does not have the strength to roll away the stone that it has made itself in trying to hinder Your return. Send Thy Angel, O Lord, and make our night grow bright like the day.

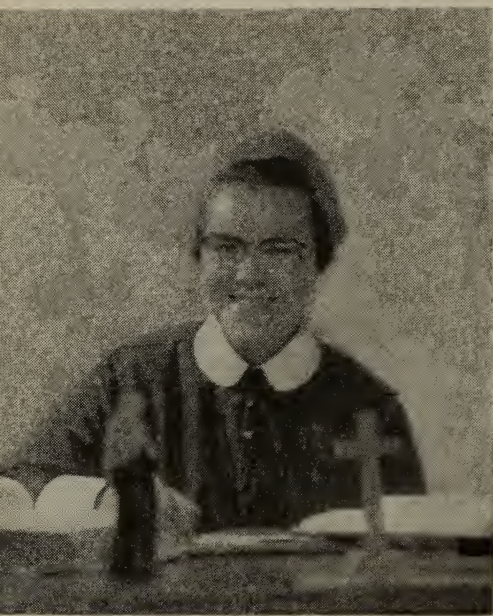
How many hearts, O Lord, await You! How many souls are burning with a desire to hasten the day when You alone will live and reign in hearts! Come, O Lord Jesus.

There are so many signs that Thy return is not far off.

O Mary, who hast seen the risen Saviour; Mary, whose indescribable anguish through the night of the passion was swept away by the first appearance of Jesus; Mary, We offer you the first fruits of this day. To you, O Bride of the Holy Spirit, We offer Our Heart and Our Hope, Amen!

Pope Pius XII





Memo

From the Editor's Desk

As we go to press, Catholics everywhere are vying with one another in their efforts to honour the Beautiful Lady who, one hundred years ago, gave to our skeptical and sin-bound world the haven which is Lourdes. With grateful love we add our voice to the exulting hymn of praise which rises Mary-ward as we dedicate this issue of **The Field at Home** to Our Lady of Lourdes. May the graces of this blessed year make all of us more Mary-like in our love of God and of neighbour, more Mary-like in all our ways.



To His Eminence, Paul-Emile, Cardinal Leger, we offer our sincere thanks for his gracious gesture in giving us a picture of himself and a few words of encouragement for this issue, which features the work of the Sisters of Service in Montreal. We assure His Eminence of our loyalty and respect; we deem it a privilege to contribute our small share to the welfare of Church and Country in the great Archdiocese of Montreal.

CAUTION—BE SURE YOUR BRAIN IS ENGAGED

This year we celebrate another great event which is special to our own Canada—the Tercentenary of the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. How better can we please Our Lady than by honouring her own dear Mother, “Good St. Anne”? The Tercentenary celebrations will extend from the first Sunday in May to the second Sunday in October. From every corner of North America pilgrims will be journeying to the Shrine; we hope that many of our readers will be among them. But pilgrimages are short-lived. The very best proof of our love and devotion for Our Blessed Lady and her holy Mother lies in our daily “walking worthy of the vocation to which we are called.”

We could not end these notes without grateful mention of the many friends who have renewed their subscriptions to **The Field at Home** since our last issue. The Editor cannot think of anything less encouraging than the continual publishing of a magazine when one does not know whether or not readers are satisfied with one’s work. At least when the little slips come back with the subscription renewal, we get that warm feeling around our heart which is always associated with giving satisfaction to others.

Christianity has died many times and risen again; for it had a God who knew the way out of the grave.

G. K. Chesterton

Reverend A. N. MacDonald, C.Ss.R.

Since our January issue death has, once again, claimed an old and tried and true friend of our Institute, Reverend Father A. N. MacDonald, C.Ss.R. The news of Father’s sudden death caused stabs of piercing regret in S.O.S. missions across the country—for there were not many among us who had not benefited, at some time or other, by the utterly understanding kindness of “Father Archie”. In the early years of our work in Alberta, when our little Institute was feeling its way, Father MacDonald was always a prudent counsellor and kindly friend. To his confreres, the Redemptorist Fathers and Brothers, we offer our sympathy on the loss of a valued member of their Community. “Father Archie” will always live in the memories and prayers of the Sisters of Service.

BEFORE PUTTING YOUR MOUTH INTO GEAR.



I am grateful for the good work done by
the sisters of Service throughout Canada and particularly
in my own diocese.

With my good wishes and my blessing,

I am

Sincerely yours in Christ,

+ Paul-Émile Cardinal Lévesque
Archbishop of Montreal

Bishop Whelan

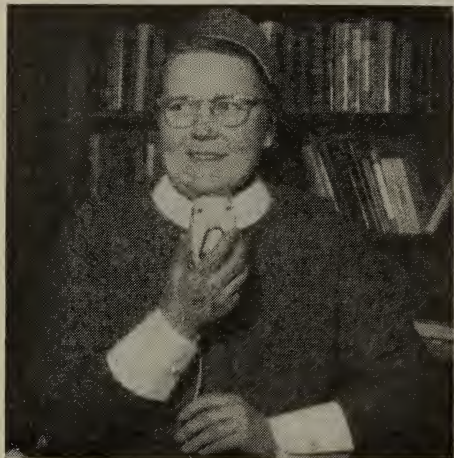
An issue of *The Field at Home* which features our work in Montreal would be incomplete without a reference to His Excellency, Bishop Whelan, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal. Club Chaplain for eight years prior to his elevation to the Episcopacy, Bishop Whelan's interest in the work of the Sisters of Service has been unflagging. For twenty-four years, His Excellency has said Midnight Mass in our chapel, so that now, to Sisters and girls, Christmas would be lacking without his genial presence. But it is not only at Christmas that the impetus of His Excellency's encouragement is experienced. At all times he is a true counsellor and friend. It is a pleasure for us to thus publicly express our thanks to Bishop Whelan and to assure him of our grateful prayers.



His Excellency, Most
Reverend Lawrence
P. Whelan, D.D.,
Auxiliary Bishop of
Montreal.

S.O.S. T.V. – Channel “No. 4”

Toronto



Sister A. Hearn

Your are tuned in to S.O.S. T.V., Channel “No. 4”, Toronto. This is programme, Personal Interview. Our guests this evening are Miss Philomena McManus, Ireland, Miss Teresa Isajczuk, Poland, Miss Eileen Jacob, England and Miss Susan Senaghan, Scotland. We would like these young ladies to tell us what living at the S.O.S. Residential Club, No. 4 Wellesley Place, Toronto, means to them. Your chairman is Sister Hearn and we shall start with Philomena McManus from Ireland.

“When did you come here, Philomena?”

“I came here September 4th, last year. Then, I didn’t even know there was such a place. I found a picture on my case in Quebec. I’m very, very happy here. They’re a very nice crowd.”

“So, you enjoy living at the Residence?”

“I like it here very much. I never get time to be lonely. There’s always so much going on that I haven’t had time to be homesick. The girls, I find, are always willing to take you somewhere.”

“Have you met your Prince Charming yet?”

“Well, I thought I had—but he disappeared.”

Philomena McManus—Ireland



“What about you, Teresa, how long have you been here?”

“I came here from Poland around Christmas-time 1950. Sisters of Service I met first time at Halifax—they were very nice to me. I came from Germany with orphans, then Sisters of Service took us over and gave us very nice Christmas party and presents. I haven’t been homesick at all.”



Teresa Isajczuk—Poland

“Is your boy-friend from Poland too?”

“Yes, Michael is from Poland. I met him through a date here at the Residence.”

“Do you expect to get married soon, Teresa?”

“Yes. There was something I was thinking. If I get married I hope Sister will let me come to visit any time I want because I am going to miss this place and the girls very much. Every moment I am here I like very much.”



Eileen Jacob—England

“And you, Eileen, have you found happiness here at the Club?”

“Certainly, Sister. I am very happy here. When I first came I was supposed to go on to Winnipeg, but I felt awful about going away, didn’t feel like going to another home.”

“Have you anything else you would like to say, Eileen?”

“Well, Sister, I had to come to Canada to meet someone from Scotland.”

(Continued on page 32)

A RACEHORSE IS A FAST MEANS OF REDISTRIBUTING WEALTH



Sap's Running! Spring's Here!

"Sap's running, Sister. Let's tap the trees." Permission presumed, out run all my Indian braves to the bush for sumac twigs to hollow out for spiles. Of course the hollowing-out process takes an incredibly long time. Funny! I can do it in a matter of minutes, but then I do not have to do language, literature, or social studies all afternoon, and it is so much more interesting to while away a few hours pushing pith out of stems and peeling off the bark.

The next morning, while the big boys drill the holes in the maple trees and insert the spiles, the smaller ones attach wire handles to the largest tin cans we have saved during the winter. What a thrill they experience as they hear the drip, drip of the sap and watch

it slowly cover the bottom of the can! By four o'clock, they tell me, the first harvest should be ready.

At last, school is over, and we all go out to inspect our "catch", but not a drop of sap is anywhere to be seen; however, little footprints in the snow tell the tale. Basil and Byron don't go to school yet, and how they do love sap! A council of war is held, and finally someone suggests, "Give them a cupful every day if they promise to leave it alone." The bargain is struck, and it is not many days before we have sufficient maple syrup for next winter and a gallon or two for our sisters in Toronto. But what remuneration do the harvesters receive? As many pancakes as they can eat at the pancake social on Shrove Tuesday, and nobody

WE ARE ALL CAST IN THE SAME MOLD,

bothers to measure the depth of the maple syrup in which the flapjacks literally float.

Another sure sign of spring on Christian Island is the Easter basket parade. Easter eggs, like chocolate bars and candy kisses, are the missionary's sacramentals, and we make good use of them to encourage the members of the junior choir to master the Holy Week responses, and also to make sure that the altar boys will persevere to the end of the Holy Saturday ritual.

Father O. Labelle, S.J. usually arrives on Tuesday in Holy Week and then things really begin to happen. The church is scrubbed and waxed, and the altar of repose is erected. Although the beautiful ceremonies of the Church are not too well understood, there is usually a good representation of fami-

lies at all services, but Easter Sunday brings them all out—young and old alike. Our Risen Lord receives a hearty welcome when the entire congregation approaches the Communion rail.

When the final alleluias have been sung and the children have left the church, there is a wild scramble to reach the school door first to see what the Easter Bunny has left. When Sister finally opens the door, what a surprise awaits them! There on each desk is a beautiful little coloured basket with a perky rooster or chicken perched on the handle as if to guard the nest of candy eggs. An egg or two are sampled and then off they run to share the rest with the little ones at home. How we wish our good friends who supply the baskets could hear the expressions of joy on this happy occasion!

Sister A. Coughlin

There are Three Kinds of Men

One—the drifters—who take things as they come—good company, often, but not much good for anything else.

Two—the cautious, who play safe, never stick their necks out—good executors for your estate, if you leave an estate.

The third kind takes a chance—thinks more of opportunity than cash on hand and often bites off too much, but is responsible for most of our real progress.

Perseverance

We must not hope to be mowers and to gather the ripe gold ears . . . Unless we have first been sowers . . . And watered the furrows with tears. It is not just as we take it . . . this mystical world of ours . . . Love's field will yield as we make it . . . a harvest of thorns . . . or of flowers.

Goethe

BUT SOME ARE MOULDIR THAN OTHERS.



At Headquarters

The concurrence of Septuagesima Sunday with the second of February this year provided our Profession Ceremony with a new liturgical setting. Fleetinglly, the combination of external signs of mourning and the breathless joy of newly-pledged Vows seemed incongruous. But only fleetinglly, until one had savoured the liturgy of the day. In the Epistle of the Mass, St. Paul says, "... I do not run my course like a man in doubt of his goal; I do not fight my battle like a man who wastes his blows on the air."

Have ever words been more apt for the end and the beginning which a profession ceremony is? For two and a half years, the aspirant has been prepared, in theory and in practice, for this day. For eight days, in silent, prayerful retreat, she has tried to complete her preparation. As she makes the total dedication of her life to her Divine Spouse, she knows the goal at



Sister Gillespie and Sister Bonang

THE TROUBLE WITH OPPORTUNITY IS THAT IT

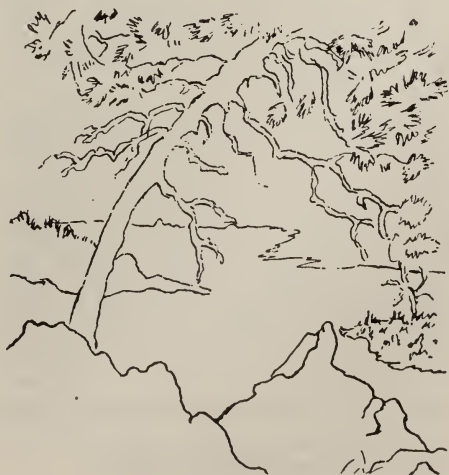


The newly-professed pack their trunks. Sister Knapic is assigned to Montreal, Sister Pawlowski to Vilna, and Sister Galvin to the Religious Correspondence School in Edmonton.

which she is aiming. She will not strive after it as one beating the air, but as a trained and disciplined religious fighting the battle of the King within sound of His Voice and reach of His Hand.

The retreat prior to the second of February was preached by Reverend Father J. McGreel, C.Ss.R., whose ability and sincerity as a Retreat Master hardly need to be emphasized by us. At the end of the eight, grace-laden days, two postulants received the Habit of the Sisters of Service—Sister Christine Bonang of Head Chezzetcook, N.S. and Sister Marilyn Gillespie of Bowsman, Manitoba. On the morning of February second, three novices made their first Vows; Sister Olga Pawlowski, Edmonton, Alberta, Sister Edna Knapic, Broderick, Saskatchewan and Sister Glenda Galvin, Regina, Saskatchewan.

On the same day Sister Jeanette Kinch in Vilna and Sister Frances Coffey in Rycroft renewed their Vows. To all these Sisters we offer our congratulations and prayerful good wishes.



ALWAYS LOOKS BIGGER GOING THAN COMING.



Silver Bells

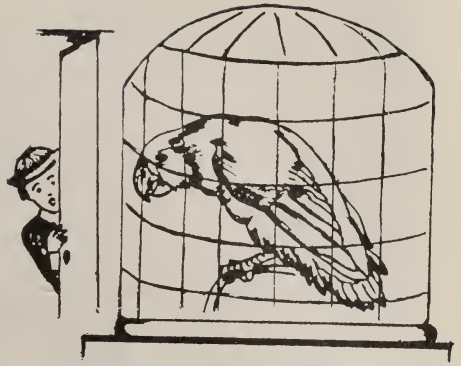
In the past two or three years the popular song, **Silver Bells**, has come to be associated with Christmas. With the Sisters of Service, as our Institute grows a little older, silver bells have come to be associated with another Sister's arrival at the silver milestone of her religious profession. This year, on the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, our Silver Jubilarian was Sister Florence MacNeil, local Superior at the Mother House and First Assistant to Sister General.

There could have been a double Jubilee this year. When Sister MacNeil entered our Community she was accompanied by her sister, Mary. God, in His Wisdom, ordained that Sister Mary's journey to heaven should be swift and straight, like the flight of an eagle. He took her to Himself while still a novice—she made her Vows on her deathbed. Is it fanciful to suppose that Sister Mary rejoiced with all of us, on February second, in the spiritual stature of her Jubilarian Sister?

Following her first profession, Sister MacNeil was assigned to the Toronto Club where she remained one year. She then came to the Mother House which has been her mission ever since except for brief, temporary assignments in Halifax and Montreal, and summer sessions in religious vacation schools. For the last twenty-two years of Father Daly's life, Sister was his devoted secretary. Throughout her years at the Mother House, Sister MacNeil has been a model of cheerfulness and of accessibility. No matter how busy, how rushed, whether as subject or superior, Sister is always available, always ready to help. If at times she has yearned for the Missions, for the West, none but God has ever heard of the yearning.

To the powerful prayers of her advocates in Heaven, Father Daly and her own little sister, we add our supplication for many more years of cheerful, selfless service in whatever corner of His vineyard God may place her.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER APPEARS



FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

A house, a woman, a small child and something wrong! The Pastor called us; "I don't know what's wrong, Sister, maybe its drink, but if we could be certain, the Catholic Welfare would take over. Will you visit the place to see what you can see?"

So, I set out. At the head of a rickety staircase I paused at an equally rickety door. I prayed, hard and fast, then I knocked. There was no answer, but the door was obviously open, so in I pushed. The woman sat there, unhealthy and dull-looking. At her side stood the child, pasty, heavy-eyed, stuporous. A pang of pity swept through me. There were empty brown-stained glasses on the mantle. That might confirm Father's suspicion. My attempts at conversation were not too successful. I walked about the room, my tongue wagging, my heart praying. Suddenly, the woman spoke, "Look, music in the air!" My heart came a little closer to the back of my throat as I wheeled around to see her pointing at sparrows on the wires outside the window. By this time I had the weird feeling that there was someone else in the house. I kept moving, there was another door partly ajar. Still talking I pushed it open and peered into the room. On a table I saw a huge, rough cage which housed a monstrous parrot. Polly was gnawing away at the wooden bars of the cage. Spotting me, the bird ceased its gnawing, cocked its head and said, in remarkably clear syllables: "Why in _____ don't you pull the cork?"

The Lord had used me to look for an answer. He used an even more unlikely creature to give it to me.

Sister Agnes Black

ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEWSPAPER.

Letter to Montreal



The Sister of Service is as familiar a figure at our Ports as the Customs and Immigration officers.

Sisters of Service,
Catholic Girls Hostels,
1923 Dorchester St. W.,
Montreal

I am not a Catholic, not a girl, nor Canadian—
but only a simple man, Swiss and newcomer to Canada. Some weeks ago
I came on the "Empress of England" to Montreal, I had a little baby
on my arms—and I was very much surprised of your Sisters. They
helped me so much, I couldn't believe it. I shall never forget. The
customs officer didn't control my baggage—for I had a baby (it wasn't
mine) I helped only another lady who had four.

I am trying herewith to thank you.

I know I can't do it by a correct way. But you can be sure, you gave me
a priceless present by your unselfishness. It was my first impression
of this new country. I don't know how to thank. I can only try to love
this country and to continue your charity.

Yours ever

Edmonton, Alberta

Peter Kamenetzki

COOING MAY STOP WITH THE HONEYMOON,



Sunday morning in the lounge—from the left, Sadie Byrnes, Ireland; Henrietta Charney, Toronto; Joan MacDonald, P.E.I.; Maureen Regan, Ireland; Sister Duffley, Alice Regan, Ireland; Yvonne Gouveia, British Guiana and Irene Hubrich, Germany.

Introducing

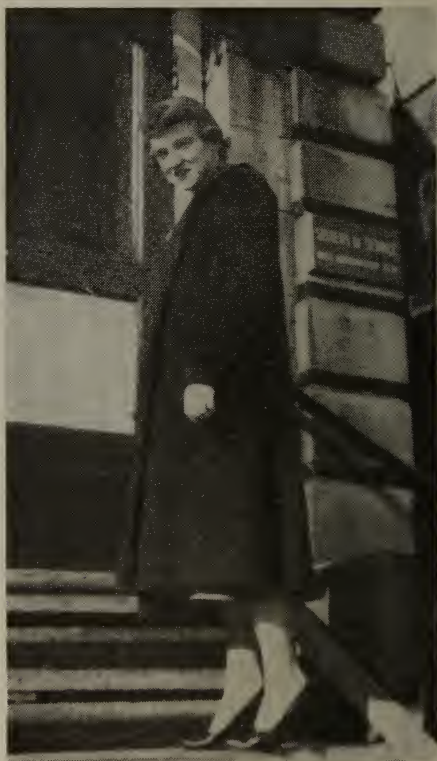
The Montreal Club

1923 Dorchester Street West? You don't know it? Well, it's many things really. It's the Sisters of Service Residential Club for girls; it's a mecca for young Catholic boys and girls who are away from home. The boys are mostly Irish, the girls hail from all over the Globe. It's the base of operations for SOSA (Sisters of Service Auxiliary) whose members, are residents or former residents and their friends. SOSA has a bowling league, a drama group, a glee club. SOSA sponsors skating and skiing parties, pilgrimages, picnics. Everyone who is anyone around 1923 belongs to SOSA. What else goes on at the Club? Oh, yes, there is more. There's the Study Club—they're taking "Your Life and You." There's the Holy Family Group, really a Cana group composed of former residents and their husbands. From early morning till late at night, the Club is a beehive of activity as the Sisters help young newcomers to Montreal to be happy, holy and healthy. And we haven't even mentioned the Port Work in Montreal, Quebec and Saint John, N.B. which is handled from Montreal. 1923 is well worth a visit. Drop in sometime and be convinced.

BUT BILLING GOES ON FOREVER.

A Picture Story

Meet Joan MacDonald, a Canadian from Tignish, P.E.I. The Club offers her an opportunity to mingle with girls of various cultures and customs—a broadening experience in human relations. Below Joan is seen with her room-mates, Ann Cavanagh, also from P.E.I. and Margaret McEntee from Ireland.





Joan takes part in various Club activities, with, perhaps, a special interest in Dramatics. Above, discussing SOSA's production of **The Robe** are Sister Johnson, Moderator of SOSA, Director Sean Fitzgibbon of Dublin, Joan and Josie Schriffer from New Zealand who designed the costumes.

Montreal's record snow fall this winter was too good to be missed. Maureen Regan, Ireland, Madeline Pousseau, Montreal, Alice Regan, Maureen's sister, Alcina D'Oliveira, British Guiana and Joan seem well satisfied with their conception of Mr. Snowman.





Joan chats with Sister Superior Fitzmaurice at the office wicket. In the evening, when all the girls are home, this Sister on duty is busy with one girl after another. This is one example of the S.O.S. concept of the direct or contact apostolate.

Attendance at daily Mass and evening Family Rosary is large in Montreal. But one is most impressed by the frequent little private visits to the Blessed Sacrament which the girls, like Joan, make. This is convincing proof that the Club is much, much more than the negative thing which a mere boarding house implies.



THE MUSIC OF THE WEST

Sister I. Ellis



“The initial ‘Bar-beat’ each morning, which is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in our little Chapel”.

THE MUSIC OF THE WEST

Maybe you don't think the West has a special kind of music? Then read this little article, and learn how it is made!

The door of our Residential Club in Winnipeg stands wide open in welcome (or will do so very soon, when it is warmer!). Varying impressions will be received, according to the time of day at which you call, but in the evening you will certainly be greeted by noise, and more noise! Take a group of happy, healthy teen-agers anywhere, enjoying a leisure hour—there is bound to be **Noise!** The last word can be made up of many items—hearty laughter, animated talk, the groanings of Elvis Presley, Rock 'n' Roll, or Square Dancing to tunes such as "Pop goes the Weasel", for the room on your right as you enter the door is now very popular as an entertainment centre, due, maybe, to the invasion of a record player! This is not all, however, for T.V. claims the honours in the Dining Room, and maybe your ears will be

assailed by the raucous vulgarity of "Tugboat Annie", or the inimitable humour of "I love Lucy", and whilst you are still recovering from the impact of these combined forces, it could be that you will become conscious of the pure tones of Gregorian Chant or the adoring beauty of Vittoria's "O Magnum Mysterium" emanating from the Chapel on your left!

Yes, I did say "on your left", for we have now moved our Chapel to the Main floor, where our Divine Guest is more accessible to all who enter—and is not this His whole desire in being with us?

God alone can weave harmony from all the conflicting sounds and events in a Girls' Club, using souls as His instruments, creating, fashioning and tuning each one according to His own divinely perfect ear; what is more, He Himself conducts the orchestra, directing the rise and fall of each measure of the music as He wishes and determines.

By coaching students, Sister Hudon fashions skilled instruments for this Western Overture.



THERE IS NO FUTURE IN ANY JOB. THE

The Divine Musician has many symphonies, and each is unique. Every one is a Masterpiece, for which God not only writes the score, but creates and arranges the instruments composing His orchestra according to their note and function.

The Symphony of the Golden Gateway of the West started more than thirty years ago, and is still progressing. For this Western Overture God chose as leaders of His Orchestra the Sisters of Service, and although over the years there have been many changes both in the leaders and in the cadences of the music, the theme has always been the same—"The Glory of God and the salvation of souls".

God is Harmony, and music is His breath; His instruments are the souls of men and all that men may do. He weaves into His melodies all the multitudinous happenings of our everyday lives, the pressures and heartaches, the joys and pleasures, the fears and the fruitions: all are borne upwards in

a swell of harmony by the compelling force of the initial "Bar-beat" each morning, which is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in our little Chapel. Every person contacted and each action of every day is lifted up on the Host daily; on this all else depends; there would be no rhythm, depth or meaning to our Overture without it. It is the Beat of the Music of the Divine Composer, the heart-beat of God, which controls the whole orchestra!

According to the vicissitudes of our Club across the years, the music has passed through many varied movements, at times sweeping low to a poignant murmur when times have been hard, only to broaden out and swell in more prosperous times, until now, in 1958, it is somewhat muted and restrained, awaiting the stroke of the Master Hand on the Baton, to break out in full verve and vigour when He signifies the removal of some of our limitations in extended premises in 1959!



The end of the day is strictly 20th Century as Sister Hayes pounds away at the Hit Parade.

FUTURE LIES IN THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE JOB.

7 . . . A Missionary Sister!

Why Not?

The mission field always has an attraction for the Catholic heart. Be it under the blistering sun of Africa or amid the snow and ice of the Arctic; be it on the lonely islands of the South Seas or amid the swarming crowds of China or India . . . the romantic story of the Catholic Missions carries with it a sacred thrill. Devotedness and self-sacrifice in a noble cause make the heart throb with admiration and enthusiasm.

What Catholic girl, in quest of **high romance** has not at times imagined herself a missionary, fighting the battles of Jesus Christ and His Church? The vision appealed to her strongly but . . . "Such a glorious vocation is not for me."

Many indeed believe that heroes alone are the chosen ones. They forget that grace gives the needed strength to follow in the footsteps of great missionaries.

The need of Missionary Sisters in the Church is greater today than ever. In the West, so much work remains to be done in rural schools, in small hospitals, in social service, in the teaching of Catechism. The need there is great and most pressing.

To the young Catholic girl, particularly to those who are about to graduate, who may be silently asking themselves: "I . . . a Missionary Sister?" . . . We answer: "Why not?"

G. Daly, C.Ss.R. in **A Call to Service.**

SISTERS OF SERVICE - 2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO 5, ONT.

Dear Sisters:

I would like to hear more about the work of the Sisters of Service. I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name Age.....

Street

City Zone..... Province.....



*“There is a place where love begins and a place
where love ends . . . and love asks nothing . . .”
but gives everything.*

The Ports Report

Sister S. Liota

If you should drop in at the Port someday when an Italian liner has docked, you will get a few surprises.

If you should see a young mother at the C.N. ticket office carrying a baby in a brown Franciscan habit, don't be too startled. Yours eyes will not be deceiving you.

You may decide to elbow your way through the Red Cross reception room. Perhaps there will be two or three more little Franciscans having a game of tag or busy colouring pictures while Mom is down in the baggage room. Something new? No, not exactly.

Should you be watching the Sisters at work you may spot a woman in a brown Franciscan habit in the line of immigrants in front of us. Strange to be wearing that habit in public? We don't think so.

Maybe you will ramble down to the baggage room to find a little brown

Franciscan asleep on top of a trunk. His "big sister" age 6 has a habit on too. She is helping mother find their baggage. Unusual? Not to the Sisters who know their customs.

If you were to ask the young mother with the tiny babe in her arms, "Has the bambina been cured?" The answer might be a sad shake of the head while she tells you that her darling has only a year to live. She has consecrated her child to the Madonna and St. Anthony. She is praying for a miracle and will keep the habit on the child until it recovers. .

The healthy youngsters in the Red Cross room were probably safely delivered through the intercession of St. Anthony. (Perhaps the mothers did not know about St. Gerard) Little Maria or Giovanni will wear that habit for the length of time promised by their good mother.

ONE OF THE MOST ANNOYING THINGS ABOUT WEATHER FORECASTS

Little Angela will wear the Franciscan Habit each Tuesday until she is six.



The miniature Franciscan sound asleep on the trunk may have been cured through the intercession of the Saint and probably bears the Saint's name. He too will wear the habit for the length of time promised by his parents.

The woman in the brown habit in the line-up to the Sisters is a member of the Third Order. If you ask her why the religious habit, she will tell you that she is wearing it for protection and a safe journey. These good people not only wear the habit but their prayers of petition or thanksgiving go on unceasingly.

The smiling tot in the picture is our "Little Angela". When the Saturnia docked here "Little Angela" was a very sick child. For weeks it seemed as though she was on her way to Heaven. As she had already been consecrated to Our Lady of Mount Carmel and to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, her mother promised that if it were God's Holy Will that her child be restored to health she would clothe Angela in the Franciscan Habit each Tuesday until she reached the age of six. As you can see a mother's prayers were answered and a mother's promise was kept.

May she, then, most holy mother of all Christ's members, to whose immaculate heart we have trustingly consecrated all men, her body and soul refulgent with the glory of heaven where she reigns with her Son—may she never cease to beg from Him that a continuous, copious flow of graces may pass from its glorious Head into all the members of the Mystical Body.

Pope Pius XII

IS THAT THEY'RE NOT WRONG ALL THE TIME, EITHER.



Dear Sisters

From Religious Correspondence Schools in Edmonton, Regina and Fargo, N.D.

From the littlest ones

I am in grade 2. Thank you for my first lesson. I know 5 prayers, the sign of the cross. Our Father. Haily Mary. Apostles Creed. Glory Be to the Father.

Lewne

Even if this doze not get their in time you can Keep the mony because you are helping me alote in catacusom. God bless you.

Maurice

I like the card you sent me very much. I like Catechums that you sent too. We are building a new house. We hope we will be in it soon. I bet you are busy. Thanks once again for the catechums you gave me.

Janice

I get your letter. I like the tell you that i get not a lesson at all the last was the lesson from Nov. 19. I'm self wondering what happened luk like the lost. Please send me the now lesson, i like have a chance to learn religion.

Trina

My little sister got a whole of my lesson and made a mess of it. I would like it very much if you sent me another one the same. Thank you.

Norman

Mom is in the hospital. Would you please say a little prayer for her. Thanks.

Bonnie

And from the older ones

Would you please send me lessons too? I am 12 years old and in grade 6. I have done communion and am confirmed 3 years ago. I did my communion four years ago. I would like to have the lessons very much. Yours truly,

Johnny

I received your letter. I am sorry I left the farm and we were so busy moving to Calgary that I forgot alabout the lessons from you. I go to a Catholic schools and take catechism lessons. I take the same lessons from school as I take from you, so I won't be taking your lessons no more.

Thank you very much for all the lessons and the trouble you took sending them to me. May God bless you and keep your soul. Happy Easter to all. Your truly,

Gunter

We are very pleased to send you 20c and also help the Spiritual Boquet. We also promise to do one of those Lenten penances, one for each week, and to do it every day. David is taking "In the morning I will get

NATURE IS DETERMINED TO MAKE US WORK. THE LESS

up as soon as I am called." I am going "to leave the nicest piece of food for others." I haven't much more to say so bye bye for now from your student

Gloria

I am sorry I didn't send you the money \$1.00. Hope that is enough. As I will be for the many educations. I am sending you late getting my lessons completed would you kindly send the remaining lessons next lessons. I will try as hard as I can to have them finished. Love,

Sandra

I hope you are satisfied with our lessons. I am sorry that Danny cannot continue with his lessons but he is working and sometimes stays away from home for a week. He would continue now because he has a job not too far from home but he does not know whether he will stay at it very long because they are not getting much done. I suppose you know that Colleen is married. She is living on Vancouver Island. We all like doing our lessons very much and hope to continue for quite a few more years. In fact we hope we will be able to finish the whole course. Your pupil,

Paul

First of all I wish to thank you for the lovely prayer book you gave me. Thanks a lot. I am so sorry that we have to say good-bye after all these years of correspondence. I enjoyed them so much. But I do hope that you won't refuse to help me when I write to you for help. Dear Sisters thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your help and for everything else you did for me. I know that I will miss doing my lessons very much. Sisters, please pray for me. May God bless you.

Pauline

Thank you very much for sending me the crucifix. I like it very much. I liked taking the lessons and really enjoyed them. My lessons always came first with me no matter how much homework I had to have done for the next day, I always did my lessons first. I really will miss them now as I did not expect to finish them this soon. I keep all the lessons I received from you and I am sure I will enjoy reading them in the future. As for me I am taking my grade eleven this year and will leave school when this term ends. I want to go in for a nurse at the Mental Hospital. I'd like to thank you again for the crucifix.

I would like to finish my course of catechism which I never finished. The last lesson is 22 A, the third Church Commandment, which I am enclosing. And Sisters, could you send another course for my boy friend. We are engaged to be married. He was a non-Catholic until last summer. He was confirmed when Archbishop O'Neill came here. Now he would like to take any catechism lessons he can. He's 29 years old. Thank you,

Margaret

And from the parents

On looking over the children's lessons I find Paul didn't do Lesson 17. On asking him why he says the twins must have got it and burned it. (Twins 4 years old) I also searched but to no avail. Would you have a duplicate so he can do it over again? While I am writing I thought I would apologise for the raffle tickets. We are very isolated here and get to see no one for a month at a time sometimes, so the children didn't get to sell them. We didn't have the \$2.00 at the time to send. However when my husband gets a job again we will send it. He got laid off for lack of work just before Christmas so we didn't have a Christmas either as far as toys go. We did get to Midnight Mass though, 26 miles away and we had a turkey so it wasn't too grim. We do want our children to get instruction in their own Faith and as we are the only Catholics here we are very grateful for the lessons they are getting. Thank you sincerely,

Mrs. B.

I took your Catechism Correspondence Course all my school life and now I would like my daughters to have the same advantage. They are Patricia, 7 years, Grade I, Geraldine, 8 years, Grade II. Enclosing \$2.00 for now and thanking you,

Mrs. L.

I want to take this opportunity to write and thank you for the prayers that you have been saying in behalf of our little girl Lorraine, and also for your wonderful letter consoling us in our distress.

I am happy to say that Lorraine is gaining strength slowly. It is certainly a good indication as for three weeks she had made no improvement. Thanking you once again, dear Sisters, and may God bless you a thousand times, I am, yours respectfully,

Mrs. M.

HAIR WE HAVE TO COMB, THE MORE FACE WE HAVE TO WASH.



THE BARRIER

MEAL-TIME—WHEN CHILDREN SIT DOWN TO CONTINUE EATING.

My defences always crumble before little children. It happens quite spontaneously whenever I'm lucky enough to meet the elfin citizens of three to five summers. They fascinate me, casting upon me a spell more binding because these little Pied-Pipers-in-reverse are entirely unaware how completely they have me in their power.

I am mesmerized when our eyes meet, for no cautious curtain is ever drawn before those bright little windows of the soul. At the innocence I see within, my heart is gripped as if by a small hand—and I want to be more sinless than I am.

I am captivated when, all unasked, a gift, a treasured plaything, is given so unreservedly to be all my own—and I want to be more selfless than I am.

I am enthralled at the way a small hand slips so trustingly into mine—and I want to be more faithful than I am.

I am bewitched when I see how calmly they expect truth and wisdom and goodness to flow from my lips—and I want never to speak anything else.

I am enchanted at my easy power to inspire pure delight that bubbles through their laughter—and I want to be more compassionate than I am.

This is the spell that young children cast upon me, transforming me momentarily as if by magic of a fairy princess.

By what dark mystery is it that only the littlest children affect me thus? In my dealing with the older ones, the grown-ups, so often I sense a mysterious barrier between us. So often we hesitate to surrender to the good in each other, and when we part, it's as if we had never met: we are no better and no stronger than before. And yet, we too are children.

Once upon a time was there not a real prince—a Prince of Peace—Who weaved His spell over us all when He called a band of rough and horny-handed fishermen: "My little children . . . ?" Is it that too many of us, with our own guilty hands, daily lay upon our heads a curse mightier than the spell?

E.C.T.

GOSSIP: LETTING THE CHAT OUT OF THE BAG.

S.O.S.-ogram



The Father George Daly Memorial Chapel.

Vancouver.

On December 21, 1957 a dream became a reality at the Vancouver Club. Most Reverend W. M. Duke, D.D., Archbishop of Vancouver, blessed the Father George Daly C.Ss.R. Memorial Chapel and dedicated it to St. Thomas. Thus we have, in enduring form, a memorial to our beloved Co-Founder, and a more suitable home for the Beloved Guest of the Tabernacle. The walls and floor of the new chapel

are oak with oak strips as trim on the walls. The ceiling is cedar, the pews, Ontario elm. The crucifix, altar table and communion rail are all oak. The corpus on the crucifix is from the studios of Daprato and Co. of Chicago. On the ground floor, beneath the chapel, there is a culture centre for the girls with facilities for handicrafts and recreation.

In his dedication address, His Excellency, Archbishop Duke paid tribute to Father Daly, "... he was known for his knowledge and interest in the needs of his country, especially of the West. He was favoured by God by being bi-lingual. He had inclinations from the very beginning towards the problems of the new-Canadians. In his writings and addresses throughout the country, and he was a much-travelled priest, he spoke of the West and its many needs." His Excellency closed his address with these words, "We wish to congratulate the Sisters on their beautiful chapel on this feast day of St. Thomas and pray that God will give them every assistance in their great work. I have seen their work in many dioceses. May God grant the greatest blessings to their efforts for the salvation of souls."

Manning:

Sister Joan Coffey writes: "Last Sunday and Monday we held parent-teacher-pupil meetings for the Grades XI and XII students. Each family was

assigned a half-hour. They were well-attended and this week I was pleased with the result. If the work keeps up we should have some good marks in June."

BRAGGART: A PERSON WHO STARTS OUT TELLING

Edmonton:

Every year the C.W.L. of St. Alphonsus Parish sponsors a Tea and Grocery Shower for the benefit of our Religious Correspondence School. Year in, year out, the tea is convened by Mrs. James Hague who has been a devoted friend of ours for more than thirty years. In numberless ways, all down the years, Mrs. Hague and her family have generously given their support to the Sisters, not just material support, but their always-available help in countless situations; the dozens of homey kindnesses which seem small but mean so much to the Sisters who benefit by them. We are glad of this opportunity to thank the members of the St. Alphonsus C.W.L. for their efforts in our behalf. We particularly wish to thank Mrs. Hague for her unswerving and devoted loyalty.



Sister Gilmore and Mrs. Hague.



Sinnett:

Sister Trautman keeps us up to date on the doings of the Loyola-Nifty-Stitchers 4H Club. The youngsters had a skating party some time ago while the mothers, who have been helping with the sewing classes, played cards. After lunch the mothers were delighted when the hand-made corsages, which they thought were for the girls, were presented to them by their daughters.

Sister Trautman and the Nifty Students.

Toronto:

Sister Zink showed our slides in several Detroit schools in January. While there she visited the office of **The Michigan Catholic**, the Arch-

diocesan weekly newspaper. She was chatting with the Managing Editor, Mr. MacDonald, when he interrupted himself to say, "Sister, you are the first nun I have ever seen with hairpins and you're losing one."

WHITE LIES AND SOON GROWS COLOUR BLIND.

S.O.S.T.V. (cont'd.)

"Now, Susan, what is your story?"

"I came from Scotland last year—in June. I arrived here during the summer time and the house was filled up. I remember sitting in the lounge, watching T.V. and thinking how nice it was here. I liked the Catholic atmosphere of the house straight away. Yes, I like it here very much."

"What do you specially like about Canada?"

"What I like about Canada most is, I think everybody has the same chance to make the most of themselves."

"Do you find meeting and mingling with girls of other nationalities pleasant?"

"Yes, Sister. It is very interesting and I think it broadens the mind. It also gives you the chance to hear about and learn the customs of other countries and gives you a wonderful feeling."

"Thank you very much, girls. Our time is up but this has been most enlightening."

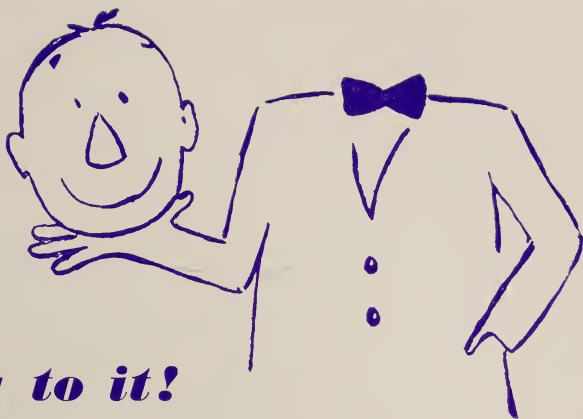


Susan Senaghan—Scotland.



Happy Easter To All

A POLITICAL WAR IS ONE IN WHICH EVERYONE SHOOTS FROM THE LIP.



Nothing to it!

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VOLUME XXXIV

JULY 1958

No. 3

The Field At Home

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Cover picture: Sister Frances Coffey of Toronto, explains the prayer chart to vacation school pupils.

Sister Coffey teaches High School at Rycroft, Alberta.



To Our
Immaculate Mother of Perpetual Help
patroness of our institute
this issue of
The Field at Home
with its new cover
is lovingly dedicated by the
Sisters of Service



Memo

From the Editor's Desk

On June 3rd we observed the second anniversary of the death of our well-loved Father Daly. It seems that, with the passage of time, his memory, far from becoming dim, grows brighter; his true stature becomes more apparent at the distance of two years that when his familiar figure was in our midst. One is inclined to believe that only in the future will his thinking, which was in the vanguard of his time, be fully appreciated and evaluated. By way of illustration, let us consider his views on Catholic Action.

The great Pope of Catholic Action, Pius XI, in his first Encyclical, **Ubi Arcano Dei** of December 23rd 1922 refers to "that whole series of organizations, programs and works comprised under the name of Catholic Action, so dear to Us." Throughout his pontificate Pius XI enlarged upon and explained the Church's concept of a program of Catholic Action whose purpose is "to have the laity participate in some measure in the apostolate of the hierarchy." Through the years, in Encyclicals, letters, and allocutions the Holy Father stressed one aspect or another of the apostolate of Catholic Action. On March 28, 1937 the Encyclical, **Firmissimam Constantium**, on a Catholic Action Plan for Mexico, was released. This has been described as "one of the least known and at the same time most practical Encyclicals we possess. It gives us a picture of Catholic Action as ideally organized." Application of the plan, it is true, was made to Mexico which, at that time offered a splendid object lesson for the entire world, but the Encyclical contains every detail of Catholic Action as ideally envisaged by Pope Pius XI. We quote:

"We recommend that you make use of those lay people to whom, as living stones of the Holy House of God, St. Peter attributes a profound dignity which makes them in a certain manner participants in a holy and royal priesthood. In fact every Christian conscious of his dignity and his responsibility as a son of the Church and a member of the Mystical Body of Christ—cannot do less than recognize that between the members of this body there must exist a reciprocal communication of life and solidarity of interests. **Hence the duty of each with regard to the life and growth of the whole organism in the building**

BE FRIENDLY WITH THE FOLKS YOU KNOW. IF IT

up of the Body of Christ. Hence the efficacious contribution, too, of each member toward the glorification of the Head and of His Mystical Body . . . The apostolate is the outward actualization of solid interior formation; it is the uncontrollable overflowing of intense love for Jesus Christ and for souls redeemed by His precious blood, love which leads to the imitation of His life of prayer, of sacrifice and of unquenchable zeal.

This imitation of Jesus Christ will give life and vigour to an apostolate of diverse forms adapted to the different fields in which souls are in danger, or the rights of the Divine King are disputed; it will be manifest in every act of the apostolate which in any way lies within the divine mission of the Church. **It will penetrate, therefore, not only the souls of the individual but the sanctuary of the family too, the school and public life."**

Later in the same Encyclical the Pontiff writes: "It is true that not all understand fully the necessity of this holy apostolate of the laity, although since the publication of Our first Encyclical, **Ubi Arcano Dei**, We have declared continually that it is a part of the pastoral ministry and of Christian life."

It could never be hinted that Father Daly did not fully understand the apostolate of Catholic Action. The publication, in 1927, of his book, **Catholic Action** furnished a lasting proof of the author's grasp of the Vatican program, of the keenness with which his mind was attuned to the mind of the Church. On page after page we find succinct arguments for the **corporate** life of the Church, for the great need of unity.

"To assist therefore the Mystical Body of Christ to react victoriously against deleterious influences from within and without, and to extend to all men in the field at home and afar the saving message of the Gospel, is the duty of every one of its (the Church's) members. This act of participation in the corporate life of the Church is what we term Catholic Action. Its specific objects are those issues which transcend the interests of individuals and groups and are wholly centred in the welfare of the Church as a whole."

"The necessity and importance of this corporate action of the Church are obvious. For those of the Fold, Catholic Action creates an atmosphere more in harmony with their belief. The life and the mission of the Church become as it were tangible to them. It lifts the Catholic out of his individual life and makes him share in the broader life of his spiritual Mother. This corporate action creates loyalty, stimulates interest in Her corporate cause . . . The interests of the Church at large become his interests, Her sorrows his sorrows, Her struggles his struggles, Her triumphs, his triumphs. The vision he then has of the Church is no longer the restricted vision, limited by the boundaries of a small parish, but rather that broad and wide expanse which reaches out to the very confines of the world. For only when our individual action becomes part of the corporate action of the Church, and merges its identity with the cause She promotes, do we fully realize all that the very name of Catholic implies."

Because of this "long view" which he urged upon us, in season and out, Father Daly's memory will remain fresh and vibrant. Most of us at the end of our lives will not have caught up to him.

WEREN'T FOR THEM YOU'D BE A TOTAL STRANGER.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

In July both Americans and Canadians celebrate important national holidays. The celebration, as an outward sign of inward patriotism, is good. But one wonders, sometimes, just how much thought is given to the principles which underlie our democratic way of life. One wonders how seriously we, as citizens, regard our obligations as the subject, the basis and the end of a true democracy.

On this subject, as on countless others, our Holy Father Pope Pius XII points the way, clearly and unmistakably:

“People and amorphous multitude or, as one says, the ‘masses’, are two different concepts. A people lives and moves by its own vitality; the mass is inert in itself, and can only be moved from without. A people lives by the fullness of the life of the men composing it, each of whom—at his own post and in his own way—is a person conscious of his own responsibilities and his own convictions . . . Out of the vital exuberance of a true people, life flows abundantly, richly, in the State and in all its organs, pouring into them, with unceasingly renewed vigour, the consciousness of their own responsibility, the true sense of the common good . . .

In a people worthy of this name, the citizen feels in himself the consciousness of his personality, of his duties and rights, of his own freedom, coupled with respect for the freedom and dignity of others. In a people worthy of this name, all inequalities, issuing not from an arbitrary will but from the very nature of things, inequalities of education, possession, social status—without prejudice let it be well understood to justice and mutual charity—are no obstacle to the existence and prevalence of a genuine spirit of true brotherliness. On the contrary, far from affecting civil inequality in any way, they confer upon it its legitimate meaning, that is to say that, before the State, each individual has the right honourably to live his own personal life, in the place and in the conditions which have been assigned to him by the designs and dispositions of Providence.”

How incalculable the benefit to be derived from the thoughtful consideration of the Holy Father's words! God grant that each one of us, enlightened and assisted by the Holy Spirit, may do his best to further, in our North America, the development of **true Peoples** living in **true Democracies**.



The Happy Wanderers

By Themselves

July—and on the switchback roads of British Columbia, up and down the criss-crossing new roads which oil and prosperity have brought to Alberta, over the roads winding like ribbons through the vastness of the Saskatchewan and Manitoba wheatfields, back and forth through the fertile plains of North Dakota, grey-clad sisters go, like happy wanderers, to teach in Religious Vacation Schools. Teachers have bade their all-year pupils adieu, catechists have shut their desks and closed up their Religious Correspondence Schools; hospital and club sisters have planned and plotted the doubling-up of work so that more sisters can bring to more of Christ's little ones the knowledge of His Life and His Love. For—"how beautiful . . . are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and preacheth peace."

The summer months bring a steady trickle of letters to the Mother House from these wanderers of the Lord; letters which tell wittily, poignantly, yearningly of the catechists' work in the Home Mission Field. We have culled a few excerpts from some of these letters. From British Columbia Sisters Anstett and Phillips write:

"Our first little mountain session was at Kaslo. To get there we left Nelson late in the evening. Father Berrigan prefers to travel these mountainous curves at night when he can see the lights of approaching cars. When we arrived, the family with whom we were to live was asleep. So Father took us to his place, a room behind the church and we **think** he slept in the car.

After Mass on Sunday, one of the ladies gave us a lunch and we were off over the little trails to ferry #1 which

THE FIRST LESSON IN SELF-DEFENCE IS TO KEEP YOUR GLASSES ON.

took us to Proctor, and Mass at 11:00. Father told the people he was giving them a preview of the Sisters of Service. "After Mass take a good look at them", said he. When he had finished preaching Father said, "Josephine, you move off the organ bench and let Sister Phillips play and we'll sing hymns during Mass." Sister gave me the high sign, I ran to the car and got all the hymn sheets and the congregation of nearly 50 sang quite nicely. This is a tiny church with a creek outside which just roars over its water-bed.

We left Proctor in another dash for #1 ferry, a four-car job. Ours was the fifth car. Fortunately, there were parishioners in the fourth car who signalled to Father to go ahead. Thus we were able to make the large lake ferry for 48 cars. We arrived at the ferry 30 minutes early. Father suggested that we have a breakfast and lunch at the Tillicum Inn. While we waited I noticed a sign, "Licensed Dining Room." I was puzzled and said to Sister, "Why do they have to have a license to run a dining-room in B.C.?" Well, now I know that there are various kinds of licenses!

We got the 1 o'clock ferry to Riondel. The ferry-trip is 45 minutes and the scenery is exquisite. Arriving for Mass at 2:00 p.m. we were again introduced, this time as Sister Ex Professis and Sister Cook.

From Smith, in the Grouard Vicariate of Northern Alberta Sister Morgan writes and recalls other places in Alberta:

"Father Jal is a very fine priest, really devoted to his Indians. What a life of utter sacrifice! He has no companionship other than that of the poor Metis to whom he shows such consider-

ation and love. On our way from church in the evenings, we can see Father, through the window, playing cards with a half dozen youngsters. I am sure he longs to be alone to read. Father speaks five languages . . .

Sister Kinch and I taught for Father Hickey. Each evening Father called for us, "the carriage awaits outside" he would say and off we went to a different family for dinner every day. I met a "Mountie" in Viking whom Sister Graf and I had taught for several summers and who, at that time, was the bane of our existence. He is quite the "officer of the law" now. When he heard that I was in town he phoned and asked Sister and I over to meet his charming wife and children . . .

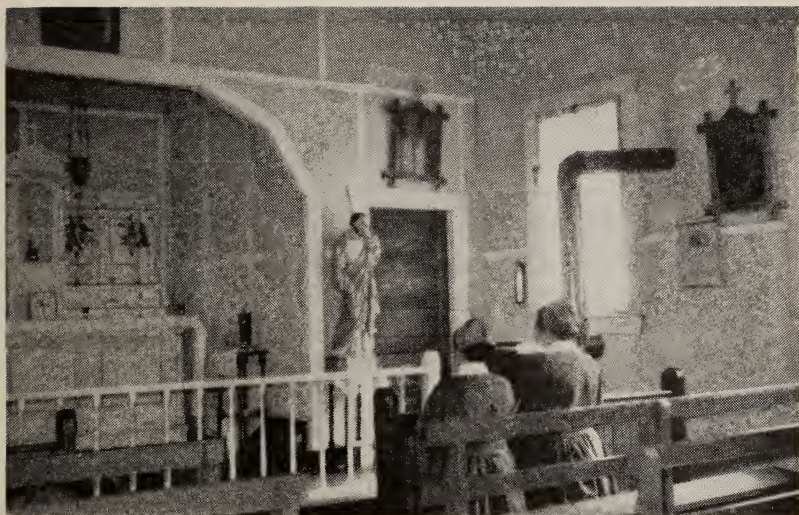
While at Mayerthorpe, on July 25th, we took the children to Lac St. Anne on the pilgrimage. They had a wonderful day. 'Never went into church so often or said so many prayers in one day in our lives', they commented. We made the outdoor Way of the Cross in a group. It was a real mortification too! The heat was intense and there was no shade of any kind during the long walk around. But youth is so different. They thought it great fun to run ahead and get settled to pray before we oldsters came panting up."

Sister McPhee, teaching in Saskatchewan, has this to say:

"Saturday we closed summer school in grand style. My big ones put on a play—outdoors—very graphic to say the least. It was the story of the multiplication of the five loaves and two fishes and the promise at Capernaum the next day. The youngsters were dressed in blankets, mostly—some kimono—real bread and sardines were distributed on the hill

CHARM: ABILITY TO MAKE SOMEONE ELSE THINK

Their chapel is the parish church.



"where there was much grass." The ladies provided the baskets and, one of the stores, the cardboard boats. Everyone had a grand time. We took a picture of the cast on the steps of the synagogue in Capharnaum. You should have seen the cripples, sick babies and blind men. Jesus cured them all!

The feast of St. Vincent de Paul started off with a bang! Just as Father was giving me Holy Communion I heard an awful crash. Father whispered that a girl had fainted. So my thanksgiving was very appropriate for the feast. So far I have ten pupils, two first communicants and two pre-school. Father went rounding up today but got only one more. Some have been confirmed and believe that they don't need any more religious instruction. Poor children!"

Finally, from Sister Trautman in Manitoba:

"I have about twenty-five for Catholicism. Father Lasinga, (just here six weeks from Germany) helps me quite a

bit and a young lad, who has a vocation, teaches the children their prayers. Last week the mud roads were impassable, but we have started to visit now, via truck. There is a real need to contact and encourage the many Catholics who have fallen away to come back to the Faith. The great crowd of R.C. children attending the Religious Vacation School has been a real awakening to every one around here. Merchants, passers-by, all stared at our doings. It is a big ad for the Catholics and has roused the parents, many of whom had not darkened the door of the church for years.

On First Communion day some of the white children loaned dresses and veils to the little Indians. One Indian girl brought her white shoes and socks with her and changed here. This was fortunate for a white girl who had to wear rubber boots to walk here through the mud and who had no shoes with her. She changed into the little Indian's yellow socks and brown ox-fords. The Communion of Saints!"

THAT BOTH OF YOU ARE PRETTY WONDERFUL.

HOMEcoming TO VILNA

Sister Pawlowski

The countryside was a veritable fairyland as we boarded the train in Edmonton that day last February. Jack Frost had been busy the night before and had robed the trees in frosty splendour. The sky was crystal blue and the sentinel fir trees along the track still held their heavy burden of snow. To Sister Profit travelling with me this was a return to one of her old missions, and to me, though coming to my first mission, it was also a home-coming. I was "back West" and only a Westerner can understand the depth of meaning in those two words. Many times as I grew up I had travelled this road but this was the first time I was so eager to see the countryside. Passing through the towns along the line I watched for the changes the past few years might have brought, but, to my delight, each town still bore a familiar appearance.

It was dusk as we drove from the station to the hospital set at the head of a spruce-lined drive. The statue of Our Lady, Queen of Hearts, waved a welcome from her pedestal in the front window—we were home.

As Sister Superior showed us through our new home she was enthusiastic about the dream of a sewing room about to come true. Within a day or two the carpenters arrived, set about their work and, shortly, what had been open basement space had become our new sewing room. The spacious cupboards, brightly tiled floor, new table and fluorescent chandeliers pleased all the Sisters who fondled the thought that this would be an ideal recreation room for the evenings.

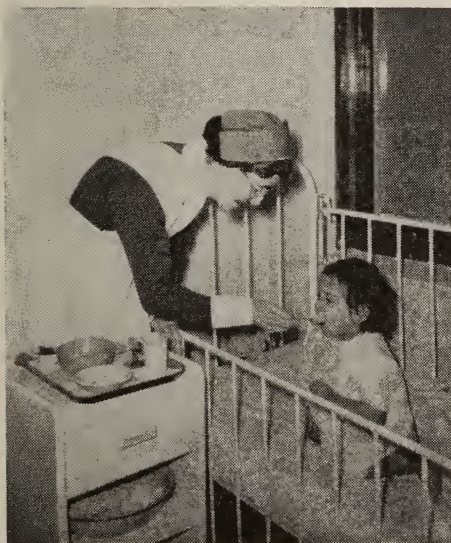
On wards, things seemed much the same; the babies cried when they saw you were going to leave them, the old ladies "didn't like those needles", and in the men's ward, where all are neighbors, even the late hours couldn't stop them from discussing whether the Liberals or Conservatives would win the oncoming election. Yes, in a way it seemed the same after so long an absence from hospital duty, but here there was apparent that family spirit so typical of a small hospital. This spirit was vividly exemplified, one busy afternoon, when Bella, a long-term-patient being treated for burns, became

THE ART OF BEING WISE IS THE ART OF KNOWING WHAT TO OVERLOOK.

a baby-sitting problem. After hearing her pitiful sobs for sometime, Sister Kinch, in the office, succumbed and came to my rescue. Spreading a blanket on the office floor she relieved me of one problem. Needless to say Bella found the filing cabinets, typewriter, and desk most intriguing to her adventurous mind. In her childish chatter she seemed to be telling Sister how highly she thought of her office and how, in her standards, it far surpassed the crib she had been occupying until now. It was a sleepy and contented little girl whom I put back into the crib that evening and a thankful Sister who continued her other nursing duties.

Carl was another youngster who craved attention. Although only four years old he was already a veteran patient, this visit being the result of a broken leg. To him a plaster cast was sheer novelty which he made a point of displaying to all who passed the

Sister E. Donnelly with Bella.



ward. He was more than bewildered when the cast was finally removed exposing the foot he hadn't seen for six weeks. This confusion was short lived for the doctor replaced it with a shorter cast. To add to his happiness his mother arrived with an entirely new outfit in which to take him home.

The spirit of adventure by no means left with Carl. A few days later, unknown to the town residents, Sister Superior arranged with the Fire Chief for a fire drill in which the town would be called. Until now only the hospital staff participated in the regular fire drills. The alarm sounded as scheduled and in about five minutes the men of the town turned out full force to evacuate the hospital. When the last phantom flame was extinguished the youthful fire chief proceeded to get his brigade familiar with the general hospital layout. As they passed by the nursery for newborns he said, with a wave of the hand, "and this is a laboratory". One of the men in the brigade nudged his neighbor, winked, and retorted, "He hasn't been a father yet."

Spring arrived quickly, dressed in green, decked with pussywillows and dandelions, and accompanied by a chorus of robins and meadowlarks. As always she is irresistible despite the fact that she brings with her the demand for annual housecleaning and its resulting aches. Everyone develops a "green thumb" until the lawn and flower plants are set out with the hope they will be blooming for Hospital day when our hospital holds "open house". This day provides an opportunity for the public to see their hospital at close range, to show their interest in it and meet its auxiliary members as their hostesses. You are all invited to come!

WHEN THE TRUTH IS IN YOUR WAY, YOU ARE ON THE WRONG ROAD.

Fun in Grade One

Sister M. Phillips

"See, Sister, this one fell out and this one's wiggling!" A very serious affair when it's your two front teeth. Thirty-six little people with the same or similar difficulties have confided such secrets to me as I went about doing the Grade One work this year. The only time I really didn't appreciate the interruption was during the Inspector's visit when I was teaching a numberwork lesson. One little enthusiast stood up and announced, "Sister, my mother got me a new pair of black shoes yesterday!"

It was last September 3rd that a brand-new class of Grade Ones faced their brand-new teacher. There were the thirty-six of them, gathered up from along the highways and trails, sizing me up. It took about a month to get adjusted to the situation—after all, what can you do to keep six-year-olds with no knowledge of printing, numberwork or reading busy for FIVE hours a day? I've learned, at least in part, the answer. I hope to learn the rest this fall with another large class of beginners expected.

I think Grade Ones are the most original people in the whole wide world. I don't think anyone else could (seriously) stand up and wave at each passing train and give as an explanation, "But my daddy drives that train." Just at Christmas-card-making-time, Santa Claus was quite the most popular gentleman. So much so that my friend, David, wanted to put two identical Santas on the front of his card. I tried to explain that it wasn't the thing to do, besides, they wouldn't fit. I received the immediate answer:

"Sure, they will, Sister, I just have to chop this one's legs off!"

One of the most thrilling events for a Grade-One-er is the day he may take the first preprimer home to read to mother and dad. I gather it must be quite an occurrence at home. They come back with glowing accounts of having read to Auntie when she came to visit, to Grandma who lives across the yard, and "five times I read that book to Johnny," a four-year-old brother.

IN THIS WORLD ONE MUST BE A LITTLE TOO KIND TO BE KIND ENOUGH.

With spring has come the armfuls of pussywillows, the bouquets of dandelions, buttercups and crocuses — dandelions by far outnumbering any of the others. At the rate that they are being brought to the classroom, there should not be any fresh seed on the schoolgrounds this year! A beaver's tail, a dead bluebird, a kildeer's egg and a baby mouse have also been proudly brought in for inspection.

The year has gone fast. First we were all fighting the flu and wading through mud up to our knees. Then we all had the mumps. Valentine Day was moving day. We went into the new school and what excitement that was. The new gymnasium was the

biggest thing that most of us had ever seen. We were introduced to the new stage for the postponed Christmas concert. We participated in the practices for the track meet which was quite an exciting experience even if everyone was eliminated before the divisional meet!

And now we are looking forward to Grade Two. Every now and again there is a discussion about what we are going to do after we have finished Grade Twelve. One rather sophisticated blonde is torn between being a cowgirl, a ballet dancer and an S.O.S. There is fun in Grade One.

Ed. note: Sister Phillips is the Grade I teacher in Rycroft, Alberta.



Sister Phillips inspects the "one that's wiggling".

The love of God is not a mild benevolence; it is a consuming fire. To those who resist it it becomes an eternal torment; to those who are willing to face its demands, it becomes a fire that cleanses and purifies; those whom it has once penetrated, it transforms into itself.

Dom Griffiths

THE MOST INFLAMMABLE KIND OF WOOD IS A CHIP ON THE SHOULDER.



I will go with my father a-ploughing

I WILL go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the white of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the greening sloe,
And my father will sing the seed-song
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a-reaping
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows and the children
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the tan-faced reapers
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe-song
That joys for the harvest done.

Joseph Campbell



OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"Just keep quiet!" At these words, Little Brother looked trustingly at Bigger Sister who offered him sage advice, gleaned from nine years of experience. Now, as before, she solved his problem.

It all started during the last week of Vacation School. Little Brother, bursting with joy, ran home and told Mama that he, all of seven years, was old enough to make His First Holy Communion. "Sister said so, Mama, and Father wants everybody who is seven years old to make First Holy Communion." However Mama immediately said that he was too young for this year's class.

In spite of the refusal, Little Brother applied himself to his catechism and prayers with all the earnestness of a seven-year-old. Saturday came and there was Little Brother, as happy as could be, in line to make his first Confession. After Confession Bigger Sister, rather sad-faced, informed me, "Mama

doesn't want my little brother to make his First Communion."

Sunday dawned. As I began to line up my little cherubs for the procession, who did I see but Little Brother all dressed up, his face beaming with a knowing little smile. Jesus was to be his that very morning. I breathed a prayer of thanks for Mama's change of heart.

Only later did I discover the clue to the mystery. Some of the children overheard Bigger Sister counselling Little Brother on the way to school Saturday morning: "You want to make your First Communion, don't you? Well, just keep quiet until after confession. **THEN** I'll tell Sister What Mama said. Tonight we'll tell Mama that you went to Confession and she'll have to let you make your First Communion."

"Suffer the little children to come to Me for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Sister M. Harding

ONE WITH GOD IS A MAJORITY.



Interior of the Father George Daly Memorial Chapel.

"Let Us Build Here a Tabernacle . . ."

A Picture Story



On Sept. 19th, 1957 Reverend Father Paul Monaghan, O.M.I., pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Vancouver, blessed the site of the new chapel.

Our picture story in this issue attempts to give our readers an idea of the growth, from an idea to a finished structure, of the Father George Daly Memorial Chapel in Vancouver. It is fitting that we should do this. It was through the generosity of the many friends of Father Daly and of our Institute that the dream became a reality. Nor can we forget the members of the Sisters of Service Auxiliary in Vancouver whose efforts raised a substantial sum to help in defraying the construction costs.



Sisters Ella Deland, Gallagher, Jolicoeur and Grace study the blueprints and check progress.



The siding goes on. John and Pat Murphy, the contractors, at work as the building nears completion.

The new Vancouver chapel is modest as befits an S.O.S. chapel. It is not, and was not intended to be, a conglomeration of magnificence. But we believe that the words of the late Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., can be applied to it: "Art is beauty made a sacrament. Art is finite human expression made infinite by love."



The painting all finished, Alex and Duncan Fraser take off happy over a job well done.



The Vancouver Club with the Chapel wing on
the right.

It has not got a gilded dome,
Or spires grand and tall,
Or any wonderful design
To grace the door or wall.

It does not boast of windows stained
With scenes of holy art,
But ever 'twill extend to all
A welcome from the heart.

It has a little organ too
With deep impressive sound
That rises to the rafters and
That echoes all around.

But most we love the Chapel for
Its calm and holy air,
In which we cannot help but feel
That God is really there.

The above was written by the father of Sister Eileen Gallagher, Mr. D. J. Gallagher of Vancouver.

South of the Border

Sister M. M. Denis

"Stick 'em up! I got cha covered, Sister!"

"Hold on, Pardner. Check your guns here." By the time fifteen little cowboys filed past into the Church, I was the custodian of as many guns. Another day of Vacation School on the North Dakota prairie had begun.

Most city dwellers have no idea of what goes on during Religious Vacation School. Frequently we catechists are assailed with: "You mean that you do nothing but teach catechism all day long for a week or even two weeks! After all, children are children, how do they stand it?" Yes, we answer, children are **children**, which means that they have a body and a soul. Vacation School takes care of both. It does not overlook the body in favour of the soul. It is both a retreat and a week of delightful recreation and friendship. What do we do all day? Well, come and see.

With all their guns and paraphernalia safely checked at the door, the youngsters start the day with Holy Mass. Tiny eyes, ears and tongues are alert to the Sacred Action taking place before them. As Sister explains the parts of the Mass, they follow the priest's every move, hear him say to them, "Dominus vobiscum", and even the five year olds reply, "Et cum spiritu tuo." From books especially prepared for them, the children say the prayers aloud with the priest. The children do not come empty-handed to Mass. Making daily sacrifices is an important project of the Vacation School's spiritual routine. Their sacrifices are written on a tiny piece of paper and are placed in a wooden chalice at Our Lady's feet: All for Jesus through Mary. At the Offertory each child mentally places his sacrifices on the paten to be offered to God. Their sincerity and simplicity is astounding. Tom-boy Lois painfully

AMONG THE THINGS MOST OFTEN OPENED BY MISTAKE . . . IS THE MOUTH.



"Check your gun, Pardner!"

wrote: "I went to bed with a smile." And from six year old Keith, Mother's little helper: "I made the beds."

One of the first things a youngster learns from his catechism is that he was made to know, love and serve God. Here in a nutshell is the Vacation School schedule. The children are guided in their efforts to know God better, love Him more intensely, and serve Him more faithfully. Love presupposes knowledge, and a service that is not a loving service is only servitude. This is the aim that the catechist has in the back of her head as she teaches her little charges about Our dear Lord—knowledge, love and service.

After an intensive lesson interspersed with many questions and comments the children kneel to "think abut" the wonderful truth they have learned. This meditation is very brief, at the most two minutes in which each youngster with head bowed and eyes shut talks to his God and thanks Him for all His

graces. A short period of project work follows during which many hidden talents are discovered. Unusually good art results were produced after the lesson on Adam and Eve. When Sister commented, "I know Jesus is really pleased with all these pictures.", pig-tailed Kathleen popped up with, "Sure we did 'em for Him. Ya know sumpin, Sister? I like doing things for Jesus. It's fun!"

Recess is a happy time. Most of these farm youngsters rarely have an opportunity to play with other boys and girls of their own age. Their light-heartedness and simple joy is contagious. Every Vacation School has a "character". Ours was Allen, aged five, whose middle name is Perpetual Motion. One morning he came tearing around the corner of the church in pursuit of another cohort. With the exuberance of a five-year-old he turned a somersault, jumped to his feet and shouted, "Gee Tidter, it thure ith a

BE NOT DISTURBED AT BEING MISUNDERSTOOD.

nithe day ta-day. Ya know, I didn't think it id be tho nithe." And off he went.

One of the day's spiritual highlights for the children is the Way of the Cross. As they process from one station to another, the youngsters take turns in telling what is happening to Jesus. One look at all their faces tells you that Christ's little ones pray as hard as they play.

Of course, the day is not entirely moonlight and roses. The unexpected can and usually does happen. During the noon hour an unangelic uproar was heard. Our appearance was met with: "Sister, the little kids are fighting." And there was—oh no! Yes, it was—Perpetual Motion, our "character" slugging it out with a lad of some six scant years. The outcome of it all was that two hot and dusty pugilists, Allen and Lloyd were given a lecture on the evils of fighting, at the end of which they giggled at each other, shook hands and arm in arm were last seen entering the church to tell Jesus that they were sorry. "Suffer the little children to

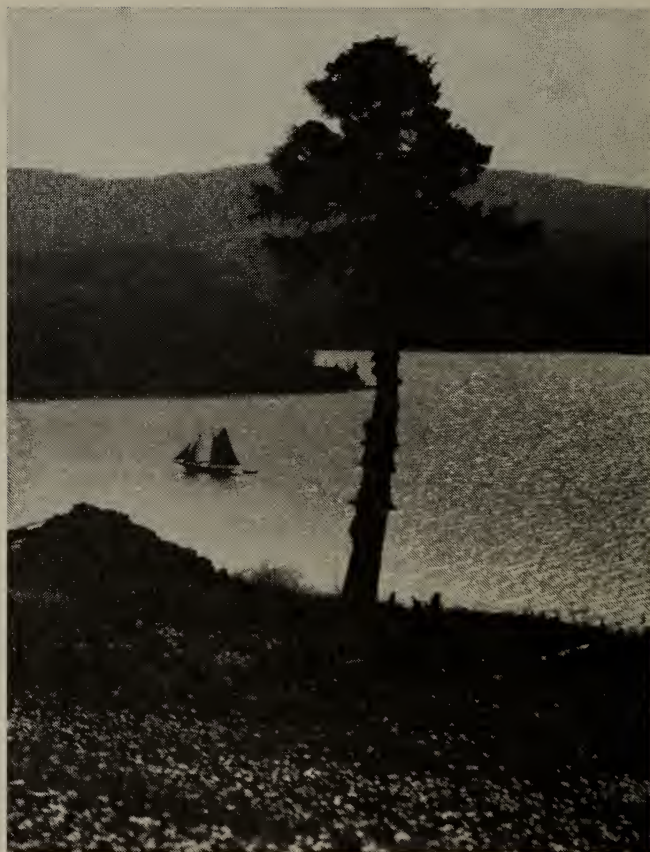
come unto Me." Later, at the close of the day during the examination of conscience, Sister asked a very pointed question to be answered in the depths of little hearts: "Did I hurt Jesus today by quarreling and fighting?" Two wee heads were seen to bow and two repentant chests heaved a heavy sigh. ". . . for such is the kingdom of heaven."

The rest of the day passes quickly with lessons, memory work, singing and the rosary. The day closes as it had opened with Our Lord's blessing in Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The tiny ones are especially proud of the fact that they have mastered OM-NE DE-LEC-TA-MEN-TUM IN SE HA BEN-TEM, and are able to answer the priest with the older children. Guns are collected by their owners at the door. On the way out, Allen grins from ear to ear, "Gee, Tidter, dis thure ith fun." After her charges, wee and not so wee are safely on the way home, a weary but happy Sister-catechist returns to visit Him for whom she labours. "Dear Lord, I'm beat, but 'dis thure ith fun!"

* * *

A rich man said to his pastor, "Why is it that everybody is always criticizing me for being miserly, when everybody knows that I have made provision to leave everything I possess to charity when I die?" "Well", was the reply, "let me tell you a story about a pig and a cow. The pig was lamenting his lack of popularity. He complained to the cow that people were always talking about the cow's gentleness and kind eyes. He admitted that the cow gave milk and cream . . . but maintained that pigs gave more. He asserted the pigs gave bacon and ham and bristles and that people even pickled their feet. He demanded the reason for such lack of appreciation. The cow thought a while and said . . . "Maybe its because I give while I'm **still living.**"

BE DISTURBED AT NOT UNDERSTANDING.



Courtesy—C.N.R.

Farewell to Cape Breton

Sister Mary MacDougall

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE A WOMAN,

On a calm autumn day twenty-three years ago my farewell to home and family was made. Although I had not at that time read the writings of the great Carmelite reformer, Saint Teresa of Avila, I was to think of that day of my farewell when I read her *Life* a few years later. She says there that "on the day I left my father's house I thought I must die of grief although I gave no sign." I, too, felt that pain that is like no other — a veritable piercing of the heart at the thought of such complete separation. The recollection of that day so long ago still had power to fill me with desolation. Truly, the highest love is the love of renunciation. Does anyone think that the Albert Schweitzers, the Florence Nightingales and the Francis Xaviers left their families and their countries because they did not love them? Hardly. We read of Francis Xavier in far-off India reading, in tears, the letter from his brothers in the Society of Jesus and carrying them over his heart until they were worn to shreds. So it is with all the world's missionaries—they give up all they hold dear for the love of God and their fellow men. These were my thoughts and this was my resolve on that October day.

In the afternoon of that day I went down to the shore of the lake for a last communing with all the things that were so much a part of me. I was accompanied by the family cat who rejoiced in the name of Morag—she was scarcely more than a kitten, a lovely smoky grey creature with emerald eyes and an aristocratic bearing. Coming as she did from a long line of barn cats, we never could understand her regal ways. She now walked beside me, every so often making frantic, bootless leaps through the

grass at nothing. I walked across the sand bar to the lovely wooded island in front of my home. The sky was softly blue, the colour of the Virgin's robe, with a few little wooly clouds off in the distance over Benn Breagh. A rowdy little breeze ruffled the waters of the lake for a moment and was gone. I strolled along the beach with the invigorating salt air of the Atlantic in my nostrils. The water was calm and the waves slapped softly on the shore with that murmuring rhythmical sound that made me understand all about the Lotos-eaters. Piles of eel-grass were here and there and some jelly-fish in their last resting place, cast up high and dry by the last tide. Sea gulls swooped gracefully after their prey. A dainty sand-piper skimmed along the water's edge casting at me a look from his bright eye as if to say, "I'd really like to stay but time is of the essence."

I sat there among the sea shells and rocks, lulled almost to sleep by the warmth of the sun and the murmur of the waves. It was utterly peaceful, the silence broken only by the occasional call of a sea-bird. I felt a little of the grief of all the exiles of all the ages—but it was not an inconsolable grief. I was leaving of my own free will to follow a vocation of my own choosing. I was young, the future was before me, bright with hope and high resolve. I walked home to the rest of the farewells, Morag draped over my shoulder like a fur neckpiece — her favourite position. As I looked up to the hills with their robes of evergreen showing lacy purple in the distance and at the matchless colours of the maples around me—crimson, yellow, green, gold and tan—I knew that I could never really be lonely as long as I carried that scene in my heart.

THE TROUBLE IS NOBODY KNOWS WHAT IT IS.



*The Springtime of our lives
and their full flowering —
we give to God.*

Make the break this year!

How many more missionary Sisters will we be able to send into the Field this year? The answer to this question is of the highest importance to all who sincerely love the Master and His Church and know the great need for workers in the Home Mission Field.

There are undoubtedly hundreds of young Catholic women to whom the appeal of a missionary life has been knocking at the doors of their hearts and conscience. But very often they fear to make the final break with the world and home-ties. What a mistake this is! They forget that self-sacrifice brings its own reward. The first step is the only difficult one to make. The Sacred Heart has in reserve for those generous souls who dedicate themselves unreservedly to the extension of His Kingdom on earth, intimate and spiritual joy, which more than compensate them for their sacrifice.

A new class of postulants will soon be entering. Will you be among them? If the voice of God is calling you to come and gather in the great harvest of souls that lies on the Western field awaiting the belated reapers, do not delay.

Make the break and 1958 will mark the greatest year on the calendar of your life.

G. Daly, C.Ss.R. in **A Call to Service**

SISTERS OF SERVICE - 2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO 5, ONT.

Dear Sisters:

I would like to hear more about the work of the Sisters of Service. I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name Age.....

Street

City Zone..... Province.....



Just mention camera around me
and its jinxed.

Frustrated Again

Dear Sister Editor,

I am writing to tell you that, because I love you, I decided to try again to take some pictures for the F.A.H. Sister Walsh and I go to Fort Osborne Barracks on Saturdays and that seemed my only hope for a story. I thought I might coerce Sister Walsh into co-operating which would be mighty nice for me.

Well, we got out the camera but it was just at the start of a colour film and we both blanched when we heard the price of it. Sister was brave enough to take one snap of me with some little boys, but that finished it.

Then we asked the chaplain if he would try. He said that he would with his own camera, but none other. I hied me up to Eaton's and got the proper film before Saturday, but when we got to the barracks, he wasn't there. A wedding! I phoned him during the week to remind him and he made wonderful promises for last Saturday.

Came the day; for the second time the children were dressed to the nines. Father came early — but the camera wouldn't turn!!!! (The mothers must be ready to kill me) I tell you, you just have to mention camera around me and it's jinxed.

My children were so disappointed; Father went away disconsolate muttering that it was "all his fault"; worst of all while he was trying to turn the thing, Sister Walsh told her class to "Relax", but her idea was not theirs. They made an awful racket and the Protestant chaplain chose that moment to stroll through the hall. Sister was ready to die with shame. I'm afraid that if I mention **pictures** next Saturday she'll just quietly pack for Selkirk.

If Father turns up with his camera next Saturday, I'll cooperate, but its the last time—my love for you can bear no more.

Your silent suffering sister,
Sister Hudon

WHEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN YOURSELF

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

He had come up to the Alberta bush from the United States years before. Year in, year out, he had worked in one or another lumber camp, discarding gradually, perhaps almost inevitably, all contact with either his family or his Faith. He was a lonely, very ill old man when he came to us in the hospital. He was, also, nearly blind.

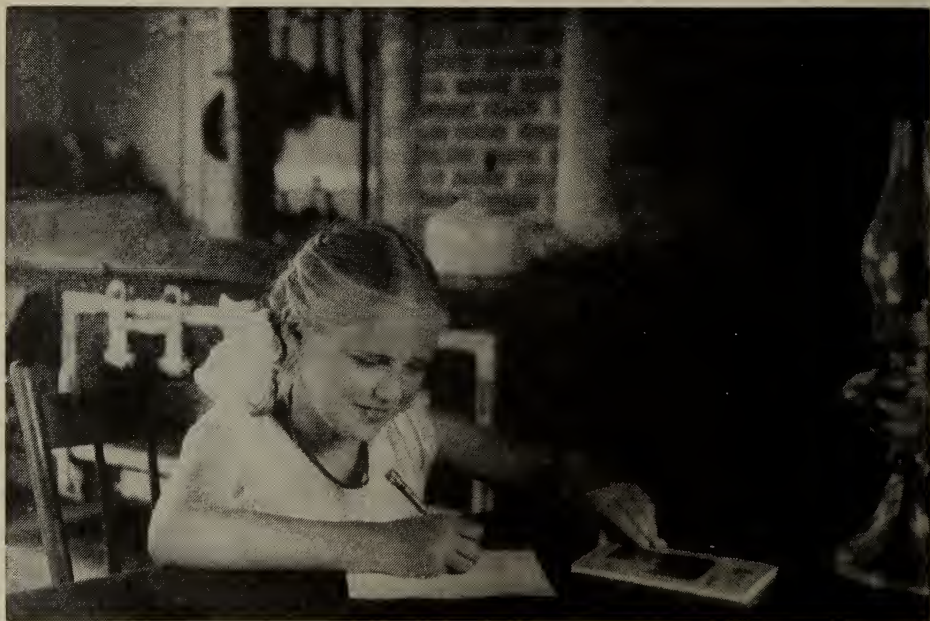
We tried to impress upon him the seriousness of his condition; we urged him to see Father; we stormed Heaven for him—all, apparently to no avail. He listened to anything we had to say and remained, or seemed to remain, quite unmoved. He was, of course, a character.

Then one day he called me. He sat up in bed in the manner of one about to pronounce some prophetic utterance. He peered at me through his near-sightless eyes and said, "I know I'm going to die." Then, just as if the thought had neither occurred nor been suggested to him before, he continued, "but before I die there are two people I want to see—the Priest and the Mountie. And mind," said he, shaking his finger at speechless me, "mind that you make sure to tell me which is which."

Sister R. Mill



THAT TENDS TO MAKE IT UNANIMOUS.



From Religious Correspondence Schools in Edmonton, Regina and Fargo, N.D.

Dear Sisters

With contrite hearts

I think I should be ashamed of not telling you to keep sending my lessons. I'm sincerely hope all the best luck and love from God for you, sisters, Because you kept pestering me to keep taking my lessons.

I promise to at least send 1 lesson in every week. Couldn't you send 2 or 3 lessons at a time so I could get caught up.

I also would like to help the missionaries in other ways besides saving stamps. I have 165 stamps. So would you please send me a list of things I could do, too, in my spare time. An old student but a new heart.

Ruthie

I am very very sorry about not writing you. I have been very foolish. But if it is at all possible that I could continue my lessons I would like to very much. I do not have my Jesus and I book. Yours truly,

Gail

I am sorry for not sending this lesson from Easter. I had the mesles and then I forgot about the lesson. Till today I saw it on coboard so I finished it. Thank you.

Edith

Keeping the Sisters posted

I have a big surprise. I have two twine brouther. With love,

Helen

I am in grade three now and in grade three I have fun. Sometimes we have music every Monday, and every Wednesday we have a radio broadcast and we sing songs with it. I hope you are coming fine.

Bonita

I went to confession when I was 6 years old. I was in grade I then. I am 7 years now. I am in grade 2. I am glad that I am going to get lesson 16 and 17 already. Write me a letter back so I will know some things. How much do the small lessons

WHEN SUCCESS TURNS A PERSON'S HEAD HE'S FACING FAILURE.

go up to? do they go up to 20 or how far? When you send me a holy picture I just can't take my eyes off it. Good luck.

Caroline

I am very sorry I made the mistake on the calendar which is part of the game for lesson 21C. Our Catholic Calendar wasn't the same as the calendar in the lesson and I got slightly mixed up. I saw the mistake and changed it so please excuse me if it is not neat.

We started our penance today. We all wanted the one to stay away from TV for a week because we all like television, but David got it. Mom is going to see that we all get it though. We are not going to eat candy all through Lent and any money we get we want Mom to send it to you. Thank you again. Yours respectfully,

Maureen

I thought I would drop a few lines to tell you how I appreciate having your lessons. I didn't think I would get 100% in it, sure was glad. Did I send you the 25c for the lesson or didn't I. It slipped my mine so I thought I had better write you to make sure. I would appreciate if you would write me back and tell me if I send the 25c up. Thank you and God bless you. With God's love,

Doreen

I think the lessons are a bit late. The reason is because we were moving in town that's Yorkton. I liked the farm better than town but one thing about town is that we can go to church, on the far you could not because it was cold, to far (8 miles) and blocked roads. The church we went in summer was called St. Cunnigunda (pernounce the word how it is written because my ma told me the work and I spelt it the best I could.) The priest's name was "Father Molnar". Now the church in town is St. Gerards. The priests name is "Father Spicer." We go to catechism every Sunday. Now our schools name is Burke and my teachers name is Mrs. Noll. When I went on the farm the schools name was York Lake my teachers name was Mrs. Johnson. One think about these both school is that in York Lake there were grades from one to eight in Burke school there is onwly Grade seven. I am in Grade seven and am

13 years old. By Birthday is on Mar. 3 (tall 5 ft. 3 in.) I'm finding it quiet hard in this school but I'm getting along somehow. I didn't have much time to write this letter but my ma told me to so I did. To describe in a few words this guy who is writing to you. Yours truly,
From the grown-ups

I have not received a Catechism lesson from you for some time. Perhaps you misunderstood me when I sent my last lesson. I wrote that you don't have to send me the next book because my sister has one that I can use. I'd still like to continue the lessons though. Please look into it.

My husband and I have been blessed with a baby boy. He is such a good baby. We named him Dennis Michael and call him Denny. He's a healthy boy and is growing so fast. It sure keeps me busy but I enjoy it. I hope to hear from you soon.

Mrs. B. H.

Please find 25c in coin enclosed. Last week we had so much sickness that I only thought of it after I had sealed the envelope. You will never know how pleased I am to have my children receive your lessons. As a child I had them and I must say they helped me a great deal. Being a mother of five little ones, the lessons help me in so many ways. I'm willing to read and explain every lesson to the children and to help in any way I can. Sincerely,

Mrs. R. M.

I am very sorry that you had to write about the children's catechism lessons. They did receive them as soon as they were sent to us but our children are only home for weekends, so at times, with my household duties, it is hard for me to get at the lessons every Saturday or Sunday. During the week the children stay with their grandmother as we are so far from a school. She doesn't understand nor speak English so she cannot help them. However, from now on, I will try to be as punctual as possible and see that we do not delay too long. But I like to make sure that the children know the lesson well before returning it. We are very pleased with the catechism lessons and would not like to be without them as they are a great help for us in teaching the children their Religion. Thank you for the great work you do. Yours sincerely,

Mrs. A. B.

ALWAYS PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU SHOULDN'T DO AT ALL.

S.O.S.-ogram

St. John's Newfoundland: The first wedding reception to be held at the St. John's Club on Garrison Hill took place in May following the marriage of Mary Macpherson, a former resident of the Club, and Larry Gushue. The bride, the bridesmaid and the decorations brought colour and beauty to the small intimate occasion. As wedding receptions are the rule rather than the exception in S.O.S. Clubs, this first in St. John's was truly a gala event. Their rarity in St. John's, of course, is due to the fact that the girls' homes are within reasonable distance of St. John's. In most of the other cities many of the girls are from Europe.

The Sisters of Service Auxiliary held a Maytime Party in the Newfoundland Hotel at which Bridge was played followed by a Fashion Show. A record crowd attended the affair to the gratification of the Auxiliary members who had worked generously to ensure its

Toronto: We offer our sincere congratulations to the three Sisters of Service who graduated in May. In Halifax, Sister Patricia Burke of St. John's, Newfoundland, graduated from the Maritime School of Social Work. At St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Sister Mary Jackson of Dart-



Mr. and Mrs. Larry Gushue.

success. The Sisters are most grateful to all who, in any way, contributed to the 1958 Maytime Party.

mouth, N.S., graduated with the degrees of B.A. and B.Ed. In Toronto, Sister Margaret Mary Denis of Detroit, Mich. graduated with a B.A. from St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto. Sister Denis was awarded a gold medal for proficiency in the General Arts course.

COW TO NAUGHTY CALF: "IF YOUR FATHER COULD

Peace River, Alberta: On May 18, His Excellency Most Reverend H. Routhier, O.M.I., Vicar-Apostolic of Grouard, blessed the new addition to Immaculate Conception School in Peace River. The addition increases the facilities of the school to eight classrooms plus a science lab, typing room and teachers' room. This year

the school enrolment in September was 190 children from grade one to eleven. This was in marked contrast to the enrolment of thirty-six children in the first one-room Catholic school which opened five short years ago. A salute is in order to the Catholics of Peace River. God will surely bless any sacrifice in the cause of Catholic education.

Toronto: The S.O.S. Auxiliary of the Toronto Club has had an active year. In mid-winter the annual Membership Tea was combined this year with a Madonna Exhibition. After Easter, a successful Spaghetti Supper was sponsored by the Auxiliary. Then in May, the Auxiliary Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lourdes Church, the official place of pilgrimage in Toronto during the centennial year, was followed by Tea at the Club and a showing of coloured slides on the various missionary works of the Sisters of Service.



A section of the
Madonna Exhibition.

Montreal: Activity is to SOSA (Sisters of Service Auxiliary) what honey is to the bee. In addition to their Discussion club, glee club, Holy Family Group, and Dramatics they found time

and energy to raise the money for a new Gestetner, as new and as modern as tomorrow's news. The Gestetner will be used, among other things, to produce the Club paper, **Dorchester Dottings**.

Toronto: Sister Zink visited a number of Toronto schools during May. During the question period which usually follows the showing of the

slides one lass asked, "Sister, how old do you have to be before you can retire?" That one retired Sister for that day!

SEE YOU NOW HE'D TURN IN HIS GRAVY."

BOOK REVIEWS

THIS IS THE MASS, Henri Daniel-Rops; introduction by Bishop Sheen; photography by Karsh; \$4.95: McLelland & Stewart Limited, 25 Hollinger Road, Toronto 16, Canada.

Beautiful is so overworked a word that one hesitates to use it, yet beautiful in its precise meaning is the one word which describes this book. Paper, typography, textual content and illustrations are blended into a harmonious completeness which leaves nothing to be desired visually. It is with the text, of course, that we are most concerned; it is equally satisfying.

The introduction has all the incisive lucidity which one associates with Bishop Sheen. In prose that is never unwieldy but always flowing and supple, Bishop Sheen considers the Mass as the 'application and projection through space and time of the redemptive love of Christ on the Cross.' On the Cross, Christ was alone, in the Mass we are with Him. To round out this thought, Bishop Sheen then develops our being with Christ in the Mass through the Offertory, the Consecration and the Communion.

M. Daniel-Rops begins his clarification of "the Drama of Redemption" with an historical sketch of the Mass. He then considers the action of the Mass, step by step. The actual description of each rubric is followed by a meditative prayer which, this reviewer believes, many will wish to make their own. The style is expository without being didactic, concise and vigorous, yet devotional.

One of the most remarkable features in the book is the artistry with which the mood of each photograph has been

fitted to the text. Perhaps one should not wonder at this when the photographer is Karsh.

This Is The Mass is a book which we would like to see in every Catholic home and library—to be read, meditated upon and lived. EMZ

A LAND OF MIRACLES, Eugene Lefebvre, C.Ss.R.: 188 pages; cloth, \$2.60: edited by St. Anne's Bookshop, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Canada.

In this tercentenary year of the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Father Lefebvre, Director of Pilgrimages at the Shrine, has written a timely book on the marvels and spiritual significance of Beaupre. In logical sequence, Father Lefebvre considers the possibility of miracles, the testimony of the Canadian Church as regards miracles, going back to Mere Marie of the Incarnation who described the cures at St. Anne in a letter written in 1665.

Physical cures are not always the most miraculous; far more marvelous and perhaps more numerous are the cases of newly-found or reawakened Faith. Yet miracles in the physical order do have their place in God's scheme of things:

"At a time when so many men are tempted to withdraw from their belief in the supernatural and confide their health and their destinies to an ever-progressing human science, miracles suddenly break out. In the light of these prodigies the clay feet of science are seen for what they are, and God stands forth as the Master of life and death."

This book is recommended to all who love "good St. Anne" and her who loved "good St. Anne" and her famous Shrine. EMZ

NAGGING WOMAN: ONE WHO KEEPS A SWIVEL TONGUE IN HER HEAD.

A Letter ?



Better than a Letter !

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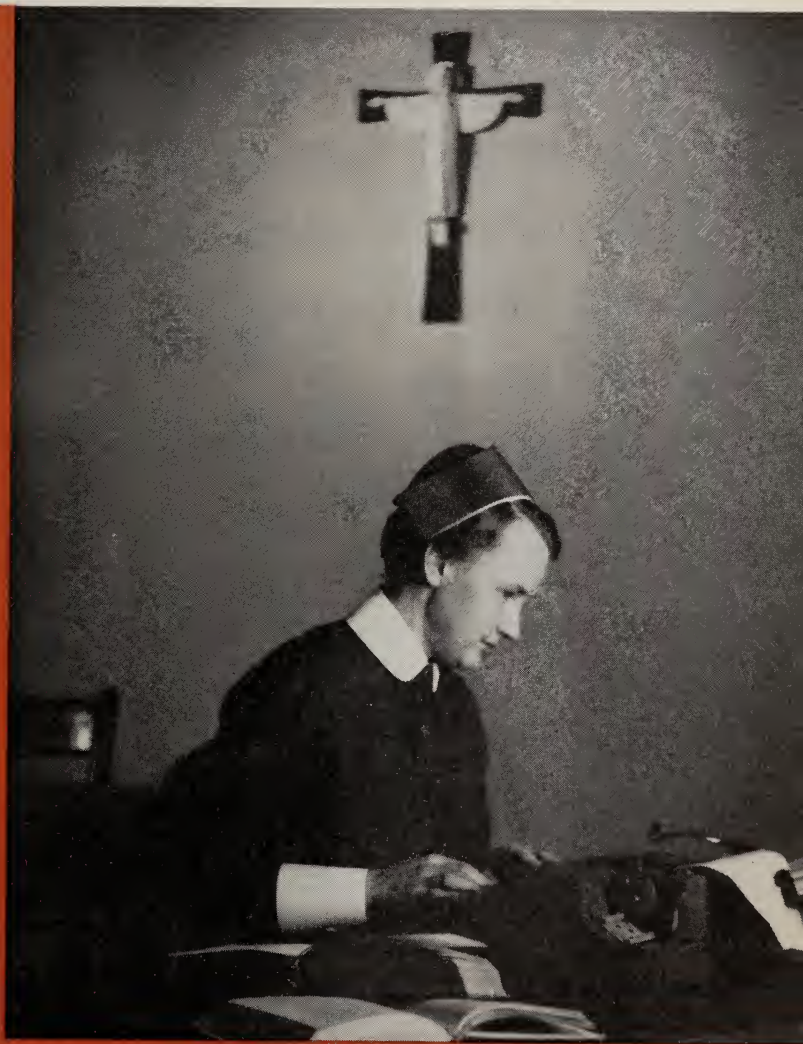
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The Field at Home

*The
story
of the
Sisters
of
Service
in the
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Missions*



SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO

VOLUME XXXIV

OCTOBER 1958

No. 4

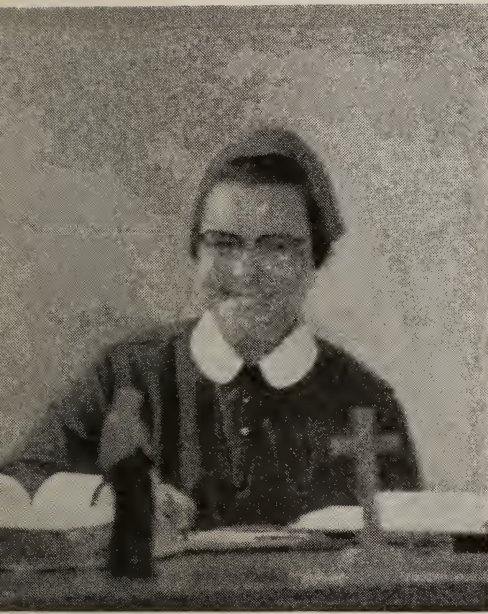
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Cover picture: With the coming of Fall the various missions resume the routine activities which summer interrupts and Sisters get back to work as teachers, students, etc. Sister Patricia Burke here shown is from St. John's Nfld. and is a social worker at the Catholic Welfare Bureau in Saskatoon.



Memo

From the Editor's Desk

Christ The King

The hymn for the Second Vespers of the Feast of Christ the King begins:

Ruler of all from heaven's high throne,
O Christ, our King ere time began,
We kneel before Thee, Lord, to own
Thy empire o'er the heart of man.

Do we, even we Catholics, own in deed and in truth, Christ's empire over the heart of man? We **say**, yes, but **do** we? In these days of universal unrest, when newspaper headlines, whether they deal with foreign affairs or domestic situations, vary only in the degree of nerve-racking apprehension which they arouse, in these days, do we, with the humility which is truth, echo St. Peter's words, "Lord, to whom shall we go"?

We must acknowledge Him as Christ our King in our own lives; the return of the world to Christ must begin with "me". He is King of the heart of man, therefore I must rise to my full stature, not as a sheep, but as a man, if He is to reign in my life in a manner befitting His sovereign right. I must resist the devitalizing efforts of those mass media which seek to make all my decisions for me, from the brand of toothpaste I use to the type of education my children will have, decisions which, however they may simplify my too-complex

twentieth-century life, result in my own powers as man becoming atrophied for want of exercise. As a spiritual being I must work energetically at the full development of my spiritual powers of intellect and free will; as a social being I must practice, with intelligence, reverence and love, Christ's two social rules of love of God and of neighbour. Then I will be a truly human subject of Christ, my King, then I will be an effective instrument for the establishment of the Peace of Christ through the Reign of Christ.

Home Missionaries of Our Lady in Tasmania

"God's hand is never lifted from the guiding rein." This quotation flashed through my mind as I leafed through a file on the Home Missionaries of Our Lady in Tasmania. Some years before the founding of the Sisters of Service, Father Daly became familiar with the work of Mother Mary McKillop who founded the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart in Australia to do missionary work among the Catholics of the Australian bush country. Mother McKillop's work served as a great incentive in the founding of our own Institute here in Canada. Years passed, our work grew and in 1939 an article on the Sisters of Service was published in the Melbourne **Advocate**. At the time, Reverend Father John C. Wallis, Archdiocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Hobart, Tasmania, was deeply concerned about the spiritually neglected Catholics of the "backblocks". A priest friend showed him the **Advocate** article, correspondence between Father Wallis and Father Daly ensued and in 1944, the Archbishop of Hobart, Most Reverend E. V. Tweedy, D.D., sought and obtained permission from the Holy See for the canonical erection of the Home Missionaries of Our Lady whose ideals, aims and work are linked very closely with the work of the S.O.S.

"God's hand is never lifted from the guiding rein." Distance places no obstacle to the carrying out of His plans; neither do people nor things. We gladly take this opportunity to send our greetings to our Tasmanian Sisters; we assure them of our sincere interest in and prayers for God's continued blessing on their glorious apostolate. We echo their own Rosary House blessing: "May Mary's mantle shield you always, may the grace of God be yours."

Suggestions Wanted

A hearty "thank you" from us to the friends who signified their approval of our new cover. Perhaps other editors are different, but to these editorial ears any expression of approval from subscribers is beautiful music.

We think **The Field at Home** is an excellent vehicle through which the work of the Sisters of Service can become more widely known. We think it is an excellent vehicle for the fostering of vocations to our Institute. The problem is to step up its circulation which is all too small. We believe that there are some good suggestions about the handling of this circulation problem "blushing unseen" in the heads of many of our friends. Why not bring them out and send them to us. Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if, through your suggestions, we could get **The Field at Home** into every Catholic home? Will you help?

KEEP SMILING. IT MAKES EVERYONE WONDER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO.



At Headquarters

About the middle of each July, time, around the Mother House, begins to fall into two classifications: before-retreat and after-retreat. The number of things-to-be-done before retreat increases in direct proportion to the decrease in time. When August 6th arrives, several days ahead of schedule of course, one hears, "Oh, dear, I'm not a bit ready, are you?", "Naturally not, I've a million things to do." But somehow, when the bags are assembled in the front hall of No. 2 after dinner in the evening, and noses are being counted to make sure that the right number of taxis has been ordered, there occurs one of those minor miracles so frequent in convents—everyone forgets about the jobs left undone;

hearts and heads turn towards the Novitiate in eager anticipation of eight blessed days of peace and prayer. This year was no exception. Under the experienced and kindly guidance of Reverend J. McGreel, C.Ss.R., as Retreat-Master, the eight days passed all too quickly as earnest retreatants made a critical survey of the past year and generous resolutions for the year to come.

On the evening of August 14th, Reverend E. J. Dowling, S. J., Chaplain at the Novitiate, presided at the simple ceremony in which three postulants received the Holy Habit of the Sisters of Service. The new novices are Sister Carmelita Camozzi, Rossland, B.C., Sister Joan McGuire, Toronto

YOU CAN'T STOP PEOPLE FROM THINKING, BUT YOU CAN START THEM.

and Sister Mary Power, St. John's Newfoundland.

On the Feast of the Assumption Reverend Father McGreel offered the Community Mass. At 8 o'clock the Jubilee Mass, for the intentions of the two Silver Jubilarians, Sister Stella Dube and Sister Irene Faye, was offered by Reverend Lawrence Faye, C.S.B., Sister Faye's brother. Follow-

ing the Profession Mass at 9 o'clock, offered by Reverend E. J. Dowling, S.J., Very Reverend Norman Killingsworth, C.Ss.R., received the First Vows of Sister Joan Schafhauser and the Perpetual Vows of Sister Teresa Duffley and Sister Isabelle Ellis. Reverend Fathers J. McGreel, C.Ss.R., R. Roberts, S.F.M. and Lawrence Faye, C.S.B. were present for the ceremony.

Our Congratulations To

PERPETUAL VOWS



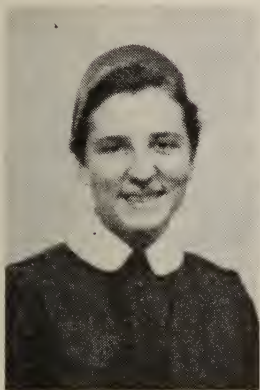
Sister Teresa Duffley, Saint John, N.B., was one of the first group of sisters assigned to the S.O.S. Residential Club in St. John's, Newfoundland when that mission was opened in 1953. In 1956 Sister Duffley was transferred to Montreal Club. Sister is now on the staff of the Halifax Club.



Sister Isabelle Ellis, Swindon, Wiltshire, England, entered the Novitiate three years after she came to Canada. From 1953, when she made Profession, until August 1958 Sister Ellis was on the staff of the Winnipeg Club, where she did both Club work and Catechetical work. Sister is now stationed in our Residential Club in Saskatoon.

WOMEN ARE MORE IRRITABLE THAN MEN, THE

FIRST VOWS



Sister Joan Schafhauser, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, who made her First Profession on August 15. A registered nurse, Sister Schafhauser is a graduate of the School of Nursing of St. Paul's Hospital, Saskatoon. Sister has been assigned to the nursing staff of St. John's Hospital, Edson, Alberta.

SILVER JUBILARIANS

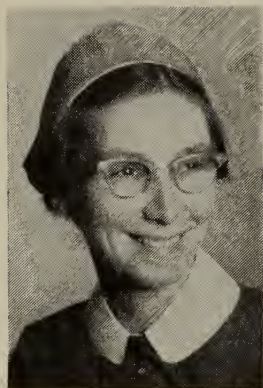


Sister Stella Dube, Blind River, Ontario, is a graduate of St. Mary's School of Nursing of the Sault St. Marie General Hospital. Sister Dube, who is also a registered X-ray technician, has spent most of her religious life in the S.O.S. hospitals in Edson and Vilna. Sister Dube is, at present, stationed at the Mother House.



Sister Mary Regan, Toronto, is Superior of the S.O.S. mission in Sinnett, Saskatchewan. Sister Regan has had extensive experience in catechetical work in the Religious Correspondence Schools in Regina and Edmonton and in Religious Vacation Schools. Sister Regan celebrated her Jubilee in Regina.

REASON BEING THAT MEN ARE MORE IRRITATING.



Sister Leona Rose, Toronto, was stationed in the Residential Clubs in Halifax, Montreal and Winnipeg prior to entering the School of Nursing of St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon. Since her graduation Sister Rose has been on the staffs of the hospitals in both Edson and Vilna. Sister is at present stationed in Edson where she celebrated her Silver Jubilee.



Sister Irene Faye, Toronto, went from Vancouver, her first mission, to Regina where she took her teacher's training at the Regina Normal School. Since then Sister has taught at Sinnett, Camp Morton, Rycroft and, most recently, at Peace River where she was Principal of Immaculate Conception School. At present, Sister Faye is a student at St. Michael's College, University of Toronto.

NEW NOVICES



Left to right:

Sister Carmelita Camozzi, Rossland, B.C.; Sister Joan McGuire, Toronto; Sister Mary Power, St. John's, Nfld.

WHEN GOD SENDS THE DAWN HE SENDS IT FOR ALL.

The Ports Report

Sister S. Liota

IN HIS GREAT BOOK, *The World's First Love*, Bishop Sheen has a beautiful chapter on the Rosary; he writes:

"The power of the Rosary is beyond description. And here, I am reciting concrete instances which I know. Young people, in danger of death through accidents, have had miraculous recoveries — a mother, despaired of in childbirth, was saved with the child — alcoholics become temperate — dissolute lives become spiritualized — fallen-aways returned to the Faith — soldiers were preserved during battle."

When I read this paragraph, I too recalled incidents of the miraculous power of the Rosary. Many are the stories the immigrants have told us of prayers answered through the faithful recital of the Family Rosary. We have seen the drawn and worried faces of our newcomers suddenly glow as they accepted our gift of a rosary, a serenely hopeful omen for the future.

But there is one story we will never know, one story we can never really tell. It is the story of a Hungarian refugee and it happened just after the ill-fated Hungarian revolution of October 1956. He was a young man of, perhaps, twenty years. In the line-up with the other refugees there was nothing outstanding about him; he was sad, oppressed, but so were they all. But there was one outstanding incident about him which we, who witnessed it, will never forget.

Various denominational and welfare groups were distributing gifts. We, first in the line of distribution, were giving, among other things, a rosary, a medal and a holy card, all gift-wrapped in a small cellophane bag. As this particular lad approached I handed him his gift. His concern, for the moment, was to say "Köszönöm" — "Thank you". He did not notice the contents of the cellophane bag nor did he seem particularly interested. I watched him as he walked away, my

THE SAINTS ARE THE SINNERS WHO KEEP TRYING.

heart aching for his appearance of more-than-ordinary-loneliness. He took a few steps, smiled faintly at the picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, turned the bag over in his hand and saw—the rosary. Abruptly he stopped, stared and then — sobbed piteously. Pressing the rosary to his lips he headed straight for the assembly room downstairs without bothering to pick up any other gifts.

I have often wondered what story that young refugee might have told had I been able to ask him about his devotion to the Rosary. Was it to his faithful recitation of the beads that he owed his miraculous escape from the hands of the Reds? Had he promised Our Lady to say her Rosary faithfully each day if he was spared in his flight to freedom?

I think it was one of these.

M a r y

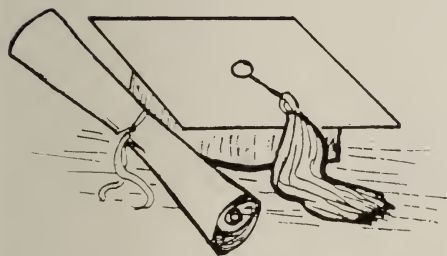


We look up to Heaven, marvelling at Mary, this wonder of God's creation, and trying to imagine what God Himself must be when she, His creature, is found so fair. Her image falls to the earth, an image of beauty and holiness, that speaks eloquently of the power of God's grace and under its shadow we walk, and they who need it are healed. And in the sight of angels, fallen and unfallen, we are disposed to think better things of our humanity, which the Son of God espoused, when He had perfected it in the person of His Immaculate Mother.

Canon Sheehan

THERE IS NO MAN SO POOR AS HE WHO HAS ONLY MONEY.

Graduation



at Manning

Our very first graduation — was it possible? There were nine years of planning and dreaming, of long hard struggle, from the first swing of the axe felling trees for the school-to-be to the Confiteor of the day's Mass in the auditorium of the school-come-true.

On May 29th, 1958, as the choir sang "On This Day O Beautiful Mother", fourteen graduands entered the gaily decorated auditorium of Rosary School in Manning, Alberta and took their places for High Mass. From the hearts of both parents and children prayers of thanksgiving rose for the blessed privilege of beginning the Graduation Exercises, in an eminently Catholic way, with Holy Mass.

After Mass, C.W.L. members from Notikewin, (a mission of Manning), assisted by the school's undergraduates, quickly transformed the auditorium into a banquet hall in which blue and

white, the school colours, prevailed. His Excellency, Bishop Routhier presided at the Graduates' table.

During the graduation exercises, His Excellency stressed the need for strong Catholics in the world today and urged teachers to insist on greater effort, both in the classroom and at home, as a means of strengthening character. Reverend Father Fetsch, O.M.I., Pastor of Manning, underlined the words of valedictorian Cecilia McDermott when he encouraged the graduates to live up to the ideals of their Holy Faith and to endeavour to spread its Light throughout the world. Mr. W. D. McGrath of Peace River, Superintendent of Schools, also addressed the graduates. During the evening the Grades X and XI girls sang three choral numbers and Denis Bessette entertained with organ selections.

Sister Joan Coffey

TACT: KINDNESS WITH BRAINS.



Children's Prayer for Peace

Dear Jesus, You were once a child like us, and we are told that You loved to have little children around You. And so we, the children of all nations of the world, come now to offer You our thanks, and to raise to You our prayer for peace.

You wish to be with us at all times and in every place. Make of our hearts Your dwelling, Your altar and Your throne. Grant that we may become one great family, united under Your protection and in Your love. Keep far from everyone, young and old, selfish thoughts and deeds, which separate the sons of Our Father in Heaven from one another and from You. Let Your grace be for us all a shield against Your enemies and those of Your Father. Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do. If men, by Your help, love one another, there will be true peace in the world, and we children shall be able to live free from the fear of the horrors of a new war.

We beg Your Immaculate Mother Mary, who is also our Mother, to offer You this prayer of ours for peace, for then surely You will grant our petition. Thank You, dear Jesus. Amen

Composed by Pope Pius XII for the worldwide Children's Day of Prayer for Peace, May 23, 1954.

Some Things We Remember

Sister C. Albury

Tea for Two Hundred



On the Feast of the Sacred Heart we welcomed to our Regina Convent three ladies of the Holy Rosary Sub-division of the Catholic Women's League—the Presi-

dent, Mrs. Laterneau, the S.O.S. Conventor, Mrs. V. Coffey, and Mrs. S. Galvin. They had come on a very pleasant errand, both for them and for us—the presentation of a cheque for \$457.00 which was the net result of a TEA held on behalf of the Sisters of Service on Sunday afternoon, June 1st.

Preparations for this event had been afoot many weeks ahead. A number of the ladies had worked indefatigably in one way or another arranging various committees to take charge of everything so that nothing would be left to chance. In all their efforts they received encouragement and invaluable advice from our pastor, Reverend Father W. Wady.

When the question arose as to where the Tea should be held, we feared that

our little convent would be much too small for such an affair. However, the ladies responsible looked the situation over and decided it could be done. Moreover, it would afford the Sisters an opportunity to make lots of new friends among the parishioners and give the visitors a chance to see the convent, including the chapel and the office from which the correspondence courses in religion are sent out to the children of rural Saskatchewan.

And so it was that from three to five that first Sunday of June our usually quiet convent was a hive of activity. At noon the long-prayed-for rain began to fall. Although rejoicing with the farmers, we could not help fearing that the enthusiasm of our prospective tea-drinkers might be dampened. The fear was groundless. From 2.30 to 4.30 a steady stream of well-wishers came up the walk, deposited their offering in the basket presided over by one of the ladies and entered the convent to be greeted by the Sisters and the C.W.L. hostesses.

The tea table was a treat to the eye with its lovely lace cloth, green candles

COCKTAILS HAVE ALL THE DISAGREEABILITY

and attractive centre piece of red and white peonies. Bouquets of lilacs at other vantage points added colour and fragrance. Although the rooms were small there was no crowding. When space was scarce at the tea table, visitors were taken to visit the chapel

or shown interesting details of the correspondence work.

We are sincerely grateful to all who attended the Tea and particularly to those who worked so diligently to ensure its success. From the bottom of our hearts we pray "God bless them."

A Big Day at Lumsden

Sunday, June 29th was a special date for the Catholics of the little town of Lumsden, Saskatchewan. On that day First Communion and Confirmation were administered for the first time in their new church. This church was completed last fall, and blessed by His Grace Archbishop O'Neill in November. How proud the parishioners were at the Christmas Midnight Mass and the Easter Vigil to have a church in which there was room for these beautiful Feasts to be celebrated with due solemnity!

Sunday, Feast of St. Peter, the patron of the Church, marked the climax. At the ten o'clock Mass, celebrated by Reverend Father Wady, the boys and girls who had been prepared by the

Sisters for First Holy Communion during the Saturdays of May and June, welcomed Jesus to their loving little hearts. In the evening His Grace, Archbishop O'Neill conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation, making twenty-five more young soldiers of Christ in Lumsden. May they ever fight bravely under the standard of their Divine Leader! Following the ceremony, His Grace spent a pleasant hour with the people in the parish hall, once the old church. How happy they were to have this opportunity of close contact with the bishop and shepherd of their souls!



Vocation in Bud?

Sister was touching briefly on the Seven Sacraments with the First Communicants. "Holy Orders" she explained, "is the Sacrament that makes men priests. Now who can tell me how many in this class can receive Holy Orders?"

"That's easy," said Pat. "The six boys are the only ones who can receive that Sacrament."

"And how many can receive the

Sacrament of Matrimony?" continued Sister.

"All of us", responded Marlene quickly.

Up went little Sharon's hand. "Yes?" questioned Sister.

"I can't receive that Sacrament, Sister."

"And why not?"

"Because," replied Sharon, with all the serious conviction of a seven-year-old, "I'm going to be a Sister."

WITHOUT THE UTILITY OF A DISINFECTANT.

One In Three



For days Sister had been trying hard to get some idea of the Blessed Trinity into the mind of a certain little boy, without much apparent success. Then one morning, for about the nth time, she put the question again.

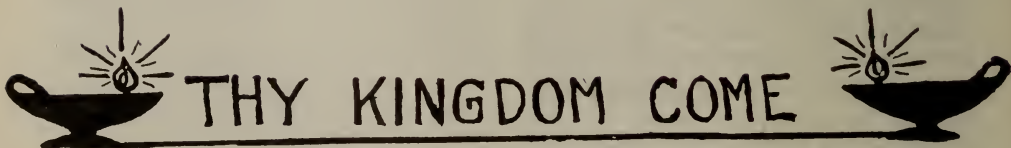
"Johnny, what is the Blessed Trinity?"

For a moment or two Johnny was silent. Then suddenly his blank stare brightened, the light of understanding shone in his blue eyes, as he proudly asserted: "Yes, Sister, I know now. The Blessed Trinity is one God in three dimensions."

Sorrow Not Universal

After a week's drilling on the Act of Contrition, with detailed explanation and stress on the meaning of "heartily sorry", Sister had the class write out

the words of this important prayer. It is hard to say whether she was more amused or distressed when she came to Billy's version: "O my God, I am **partly** sorry for having offended Thee."



AN OPPORTUNIST IS A MAN WHO, FINDING HIMSELF



In the S.O.S. chapel at Camp Morton.

The Queen's Visit

Sister A. O'Connor

On the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Reverend Father Moore of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, who, for the past ten years, has been conducting a world tour with the Pilgrim Virgin of Fatima statue, arrived for a three-day visit to Camp Morton and its missions. The pastor of Camp Morton, Reverend Father Sieczkowski, had prepared the way and given advance notice of the arrival and scheduled itinerary of the Pilgrim Statue, but he unfortunately was forced to be absent during the visitation.

In each place visited there was a procession around the church in which two small children carried Our Lady's crown and rosary and the entire congregation joined, praying the Rosary and singing hymns to Our Lady. In his memorable sermon at Camp Morton Father Moore said in part: "I beg of you to get down on your knees and begin this very night to pray the Rosary. Your recitation and meditation on the life of Christ will be a sign over your homes and Our Lady will protect you. We must be awake to the

IN HOT WATER, DECIDES HE NEEDS A BATH ANYWAY.

dangers that threaten us. We must heed the Virgin's message given one hundred years ago at Lourdes and again at Fatima. What is this message? It is none other than a reiteration of her Divine Son's plea to mankind to pray and to do penance—to take up one's cross and follow Christ. The world is heedless of this message. It is a boiling pot and it's bound to boil over sometime. The day will come when you will be glad of this visit."

Father then asked all to come forward for a blessing. As each person placed one hand on the statue, Father blessed him individually. The beautiful ceremony concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The following morning a large number attended Mass, almost all present received Holy Communion. The statue was then taken in procession to our convent chapel. In the afternoon it was taken to the Camp chapel.

The first of the four missions to be visited was Fraserwood, fifteen miles distant from Camp Morton. On his way Father Moore stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Franz, to bring a special blessing to Mrs. Franz who is crippled with arthritis. The sisters and a motorcade from Fraserwood accompanied Father Moore and the Pilgrim Virgin to the Mission. For this journey the statue was placed on top of the van which is equipped with loud speakers; the other cars followed and the Rosary was recited continuously. In imagination, one can still hear those fervent Our Fathers and Hail Marys echoing across the fields as the procession moved along. Many persons came out of their homes as we passed to pray with us. On arrival at Fraserwood children and

grownups, all eagerly awaiting Our Lady's visit, joined in the procession. After the ceremony at Fraserwood, the statue was taken back to Camp Morton.

On Friday morning the Pilgrim Virgin was welcomed by the people at the mission of Finns. Here, at 10 o'clock Mass was celebrated by Father Moore who afterwards gave a very enlightening talk on the seriousness of world conditions, and again urged all to pray the rosary.

Two missions now remained to be visited — Felsendorf and Meleb. At Felsendorf on Friday evening the people of that mission came out to show their love for Our Lady and to receive her blessing. After the ceremony here the Pilgrim Virgin was on her way again — this time to Meleb, accompanied by a motorcade of fifteen cars from Meleb and Fraserwood. The memory of the beautiful prayers of the Rosary ascending through the still night air to Our Lady's throne in Heaven will not be soon forgotten. The children and a large number of adults were waiting to receive the Pilgrim Virgin and to take her in procession to the sanctuary where Sister and her Catechism class had arranged a temporary, but lovely shrine. After the sermon and blessing, the statue was taken back to our chapel.

On Saturday morning Father Moore said Mass at our convent. At eleven o'clock Father Bielicki and a number of his parishioners arrived to escort Father Moore and the Pilgrim Virgin to Arborg. Our prayers and sincerest good wishes go with Father that we may share with him the important task of spreading Our Lady's message to the whole world.

WE CAN ALWAYS LIVE ON LESS WHEN WE HAVE MORE TO LIVE FOR.



MISSION PRAYER OF POPE PIUS XI

O Lord Jesus Christ, most loving,
Who at the price of Thy Precious
Blood didst redeem the world, merci-
fully look down upon the poor human
race, still for the most part held in the
darkness of error and in the shadow
of death, and make the full light of
truth to shine upon it.

Multiply, O Lord, the apostles of
Thy Gospel; fill them with fervour;
make fruitful and bless with Thy
grace their zeal and their labours, so
that through them all unbelievers may
be brought to know and love Thee,
their Creator and Redeemer, Call
back the erring to Thy Fold and the
rebellious to the bosom of Thy One
True Church. Hasten, O Merciful Sav-
iour, the promised coming of Thy
reign upon earth. Draw all men to Thy
loving heart, that they may share in
the infinite benefits of Thy Redemp-
tion, in the never-ending bliss of
Heaven.

Amen.

*This prayer is said after Mass every
morning by the Sisters of Service.*

Whoopee in Domino

Sister C. Moriarity

Grand Central Station had nothing on the goings and comings at the Edmonton Club this past summer. With Sister Catechists making this their headquarters and stopping in overnight on their way to and from their various assignments, each weekend was filled with surprise and delight. The "girls" too, those charming reasons for the existence of our Clubs, were on the wing, so to speak. Many of them were here just for the summer. And as the Sisters out in the "Field" were teaching little hearts to know and love God, the Sisters at "Home" were helping to keep that love shining as they worked and sacrificed for the souls under their care.

The usual "Roll up the rugs and choose your partner" call was changed, with the coming of summer, to "Rake up the grass and choose your team". It was a case of all hands on deck if gardening was not to interfere with the

volley ball games. Volley ball, a new game to some of our residents, is a very popular sport now that our not-so-often-used muscles are more limber and we are becoming more proficient.

Sunday and holiday dinners under the trees were a real delight once our new collapsible picnic table graced the garden. On these occasions no conversation piece was needed as our always healthy appetites were sharpened by the outdoor air. Often the outdoor meal was followed by a hoedown and hidden talents were brought to light as Wanda Andrychuk played her accordion in true Western fashion. Whether a Four-Hand Reel, a Tap Dance or a Rock 'n Roll number, little coaxing was needed to set all feet in motion.

September means back to school again for many of our summer residents. They have worked and saved their pennies to help themselves

PEOPLE WHO ADVERTISE THEIR TROUBLES



New addition to Edmonton Club.

through the school year. One was heard to say, "I won't mind school now because last year I wore out the dunce cap." Most seem to agree that working in the city is not all peaches and cream. They are anxious to see what the old gang back home is doing.

Some of these girls will be back

with us again next summer. Others will have chosen vocations that will take them elsewhere. But all of them leave happy over the experiences of the summer, the friends they have made and the knowledge that the Sisters have promised to remember them always in their prayers.



The communists, I soon learned, always had a great advantage over those with whom they associated because they knew exactly where they were going and how they were going to get there. And their drive, energy and enthusiasm ensured that they quickly became the spearhead of any organization in which they worked.

Douglas Hyde

NEVER SEEM TO DISPOSE OF THEIR STOCK.

South of the Border

Sister Mary Harding

After four weeks of teaching together, it was time for Sister and I to part company. Only one sister could be spared for Finley, North Dakota, and I was the lucky one. I arrived at my destination late in the afternoon and was at once introduced to the family with whom I was to live, including Billy, a dear little mischief who took right over and introduced me to two lively puppies and a beautiful white rabbit.

The young married lady who helped me with the teaching called for me each morning and we drove to the church. From opening prayers, (there was no Mass as Father was away on

Retreat) until closing prayers in the afternoon, our days were happy and busy. Recess time was ball-game time and everyone joined in except those who could not run fast enough; they were enthusiastic spectators. There was a time for singing hymns, for memorizing prayers, for filling in work books et cetera. After Rosary in the afternoon when tousled heads were bent and eyes were tightly closed to review the day, when earnest hearts were full of sorrow for any offence given to the dear Lord, I was sure that He was pleased with the efforts of my grubby-faced, licorice-mouthed little class.

WHEN IT COMES TO WINNING AN ARGUMENT, IT'S HARD



There was a time for memorizing prayers.

When the last pupil had been gathered up by Mother or Dad after school each day I could settle down for a while in the beautiful church for a few words with its Silent Guest. Then, prayers said and preparations for the morrow made, I was the guest of a different family each day for dinner. How proudly the youngsters introduced me to Moms and Dads, to Big Brothers and Big Sisters, to the Small Fry, to say nothing of pups and kittens, gold fish, bunnies and ponies. Good St. Francis must have envied me! My lunch each day was prepared and brought to the church basement by a different lady. The delicious, daintily-

served dishes were a delight to both eye and taste.

It was always a joy to arrive home at night to little Billy waiting with his lively stories and questions. "Sisser, does you know what snakes and alligators and crocodiles eat?", "Sisser, what does you teach those kids?" and "Sisser, does the debbils ever come up here?"

May the Good God bless them all, the generous priests, their self-sacrificing housekeepers, the kind families and the lovable children, the little Billies who take us with them into the Land - of - Make - Believe with their charming questions and made-up stories.

TO BEAT THE ONE WITH THE LOWEST TEMPERATURE.

Operation House-cleaning

It was mid-July when we arrived home from teaching in Religious Vacation Schools. Since there were three of us we decided it was now or never for house-cleaning. From the time of our moving into the new house, the basement had been a bugbear with its many unpacked boxes. The storage shelves were ready, so we could, at least, get rid of some of the boxes.

Donning our oldest attire and armed with brooms, brushes and pails we got off to a good start with a relentless raid on spiders, cobwebs and just plain dirt. The parade back and forth by sisters in

multi-coloured, paint-splashed garments, to the incinerator with the no-longer-usable and to the garage with the might-be-usable-later became quite an impressive ceremony.

At this date, things are shaping up. There is space enough to get through the basement without stepping over or moving cartons. Garage doors can be opened without dislodging a shelf. Some sorting and tidying remain to be done, but the worst is over and we are resting on our laurels before starting a new term.



O, it sets my heart a'clickin'
Like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin
And the fodder's in the shock.

James Whitcomb Riley

SPEAK WELL OF YOUR ENEMIES — REMEMBER YOU MADE THEM.

This is the Way we go to School

Sister L. Trautman



Every morning of the school year Kenny Dunne of Sinnett, Saskatchewan, hitches Pansy to the cart and starts off on the four-mile jaunt to school accompanied by his sister, Darlene. They stop, along the way, to pick up their cousins, Annette, Billy and Conrad.

Kenny hitches and unhitches Pansy by himself; he waters her at noon and feeds her with the two bundles of oats which he brings from home. Once a week he takes the can of cream to the station for shipping to the creamery.

Kenny is 8 years old. His passengers are all younger than he.

CONVERSATION IS THE ART OF HEARING AS WELL AS BEING HEARD.



Perpetual Help Mission Club

From Newfoundland to British Columbia, from Northern Alberta to Kentucky, some 150 girls are fulfilling the conditions for membership in the Sisters of Service **Perpetual Help Mission Club**. Those conditions are six Hail Marys daily, three for an increase of vocations to the priesthood and the religious life, three for the Missions of the Church all over the world. In

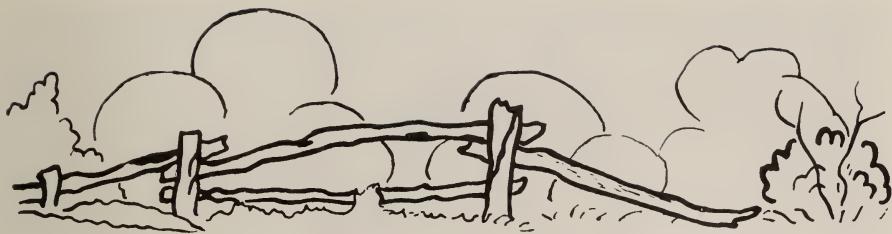
order that the great needs of the Church and of souls in the Home Missions may become better known, the members receive monthly letters telling them of the work of the Sisters of Service in all its phases. If you would like to join our Club, just drop a note giving your name, address, age, grade and school to:

Perpetual Help Mission Club,
Sisters of Service,
2 Wellesley Place,
Toronto 5, Canada

This month we are printing a poem, "The Snow", by Mary Brunning, a Perpetual Help Mission Club member from Chippawa, Ontario. Mary is a Grade XI student at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario.



ALL MARRIAGES ARE HAPPY. IT IS THE



THE SNOW

The snow is white and so very light,
While flying through the air.
Where it lands is in God's hands,
And it does not really care.
Children wait for it to come,
Because it brings them so much fun;
Sparkling, spinning, round and round
Until it lands upon the ground.
And even when it begins to blow,
Still, everyone loves the soft,
white snow.

Mary Brunning

A smile costs nothing . . . but creates much. It happens in a flash . . . but the memory sometimes lasts forever. It cannot be bought . . . begged . . . or stolen . . . but is something that is no earthly good to anyone unless it is given away! So . . . if in your hurry and rush . . . you meet someone who is too weary to give you a smile . . . leave one of yours! For no one needs a smile quite as much as he who has none left to give!

LIVING TOGETHER THAT CAUSES THE TROUBLE.



Will YOU rise to the challenge?

Will YOU come?

Follow Me —

This call, which came to Peter and Andrew from the lips of the Saviour when walking by the Sea of Galilee, and which Matthew heard, "sitting at the receipt of custom . . . " is still re-echoed throughout the world. Every day Catholic youth hear it and rise to follow Him into the mission field. It is the sublime call to the Apostolate. What an inspiration to the Catholic heart to visualize this white army of priests, nuns and brothers "on the march" to the extremities of the earth! They are writing the most marvelous epic in the annals of the Church.

Canada and the United States have responded generously to this invitation of the Master. There are thousands of Canadians and Americans working in the Field Afar. But let us not forget the Field within the boundaries of our own countries. "Follow me . . . into the vast stretches of the West," our Saviour says today to many young women.

What is YOUR answer to your Divine Redeemer's invitation? Will YOU rise to the challenge? Will YOU come?

G. Daly, C.Ss.R. in **A Call to Service**

SISTERS OF SERVICE

- 2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO 5, ONT.

Dear Sisters:

I would like to hear more about the work of the Sisters of Service. I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....Province.....



From Religious Correspondence Schools in Regina, Edmonton and Fargo, N.D.

Dear Sisters

EXCUSES

I never send the lessons because I forgot to send them I was going to school and never thought of them I was glad to get the lessons. I will answer the lessons faithfully. Your love, Lillian.

I am sorry that I didn't write sooner to tell you that we have moved to Prince Rupert and we are now going to the Annunciation school. In case you don't know it's a catholic school and we take lessons every day. I have joined Knights of the Altar and I am very happy in our new home. Your young exstudent, Stanley.

We are very sorry that we have not continued our lessons. There is no particular reason for not continuing them but we are very sorry. We will do our best in carrying on them from now on. We are very pleased that you want us to carry on. Thank you for your sincere kindness. We shall carry on our lessons. Sincerely yours, Annie.

I'm very sorry that I wasn't sending my lessons. Garry couldn't find his and still can't. I would like you to keep sending the lessons for Garry and me. If possible would

you please send Garry his lessons, when I find it, he will send it. I like the lessons, so please send them to me. Yours truly, Bernice.

I am very sorry I have not written sooner. I moved to Vancouver and I do not want the chatichism. I am going to a Chatolic school. I read the book about six o'clock saints and I thought it was very nice. Some of the kids that go to the school are not Chatolics. How is everything? I hope fine. Love, Lynda.

I've received your letter last mail saying my lessons were not coming in for correction. I'm very sorry Sisters to say after checking my desk over I found the lessons all done but not sent in. I was greatly disappointed over situation. Meantime I was waiting patiently to receive my lessons result, not knowing that it was still at home. Thanks a million for your letter reminding of it Sisters. Kindly send me two lessons at once. I love doing them more than ever since this delaynes of mine. Pray for me please, Myron.

IT IS VERY NICE TO BE IMPORTANT . . .

I am sorry I didn't send my lessons. We had little pigs and lost some and the others are living and are nice and fat. The other day I got sick with the measles. Your pupil, Solveig.

I am sorry I didn't send my lessons. I had the flue and I didn't have time to do my lessons and when I got to school I had lots of homework to do then after I got my homework done I done my lessons. Annie and me like our teachers. We sure have fun at school we have fun in the van too. We just had a oil display and all the kids in the school saw the display of oil. Your pupil, Jenny.

Satisfied Pupils:

We sure like what you are sending us they sure help us a lot and Melvin is learning to be good too I sure like them anyway. There good to do in spare time and at night or at daytime. Well this is all. Sadie.

I will be glad to have lessons by mail. I was kind of lonesome when you left. I hope you will come to Smith again. Please send me a picture of you both. I will always remember you with all my heart. I will keep writing to you. I will receive Communion every Sunday. I was glad you wrote to Leonard and I. We were so happy to get it. We got so excited when my mom opened the letter we all gathered around her I will send you my picture next time I write to you. Every time in church when it gets close to holy communion I say over and over to myself Jesus, Jesus come to me and after I say Jesus I love you until church is over. I have a lot of brothers and sisters and I like them all. I say prayers every morning and night. And I am saying in this letter thank you for the Rosary I like it. I have a sister that can't talk. I wish you would come to see us sometimes. Next month when you aren't so busy to see all my poor brothers and sisters. Come on Aug. 17 or 18 if you can I will sure be happy to see you. And you can ask the people where we live. They will tell you. My love, please write to us. Lillian.

I like my lessons very much and hope I will get them right. I do my best to get them right. And I have found out a way to get them right. I look in my Jesus and I book. I enjoy doing them wene I have nothing

else to do I get out my lesons and do them. Sometime before bed. Sometimes in the morning. I did not do eny tricks on Hallow-e'en but had fun my little brother is here to say Hollo and asks me if you and the other sisters have blond hair but I don't know. Love, Linda.

I would like you to know how much we are all enjoying doing our lesons and how much we look forward to receiving them each time in the mail. Sandra.

Requests

May I join the lessons again. I sure enjoy doing them. If I get lessons send me lesons for 12 years old because I will be twelve soon. Please. Ernie.

Would you please send me some Catholic Catechism lessons? If you sent me a catechism book I will now sent you 25c for it. If it costs more I'll pay later. I am in Grade 8 and am 13 years old. Hope to hear from you soon. Thanks-a-Lot. Marie.

Will you please send my sister Marie lessons. She is 5 years old. She knows about God already. And she wants you to send lessons for her. Your friend, Verna.

Of Many Things

I was going to writ you when I got your form to fill in I had sent in my test and I never herd from you. I would of write but I didn't have you address, I can't find my little Cat. Book. I was wondering if I could have a notter one. I would be very glad to do my lessons. Ronald

I hope you are coming fine with catechism. There must be a lot of children taking catchism. I hope you are coming fine. I hope I will get on my first catechism book. I do love doing my catechism lessning. Your frineded, Bonita.

How are you today. I am fine. It is nice weather here. How is the weather there. I like the lessons you send me. I like school very well. I suppose you are very busy every day. I work around home. I want to make my first cominon. I thought I better send you a letter. I got my aunt a mustard or jam dish. I like to ride a horse. How are the other Sisters? I have lots of fun. Well I better get to bed. Goodbye for now. Love, Johnny.

BUT IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO BE NICE.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

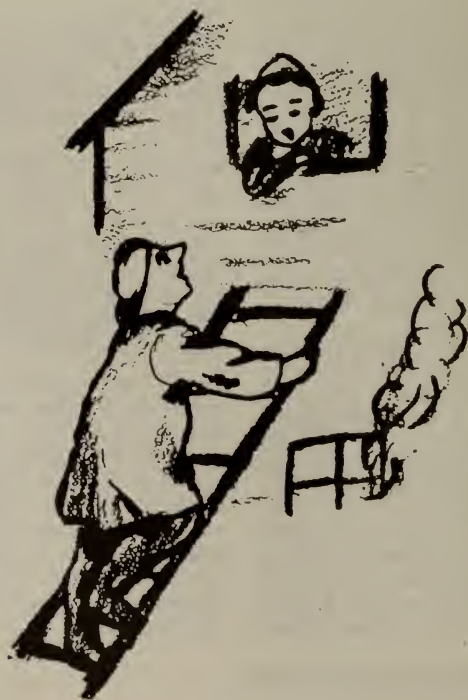
It comes to all of us — the dream of being heroic on the grand scale, I mean. The dream, yes, but the opportunity is rare. So I was determined to rise to great heights that night when smoke billowed up the staircase of the Club which was my first mission. I was scared to death, of course, but hoped I was giving the impression of calm assurance as I quietened the girls, tried to maintain order and directed them to their proper exits. We hardly had time to realize that there was a fire before ladders were scaling our walls and a fireman was offering to help me through the window. Ah, this was it! This was the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to be a heroine! This was my big moment! Stepping back a little from the window I said, firmly,

“Oh, no, don’t bother about me. Take the girls first.”

Momentarily and appraisingly the fireman looked me over. Then, in a voice which suggested that patience and exasperation were struggling for control, he said quietly,

“And what are you?”

S. J. B.



S.O.S.-ogram



Archbishop Berry with Hungarian children.

Halifax: In a rather unique ceremony His Grace Archbishop Berry of Halifax confirmed 12 children, all Hungarian refugees, in the S.O.S. chapel in Halifax. About forty adults were present in the chapel. When the conferring of the Sacrament had been completed, His Grace asked the people to say the Our Father, Hail Mary and Apostles' Creed in Hungarian. Their wholehearted response made the walls vibrate. After the ceremony, His Grace, the children and their parents had a pleasantly informal visit together.

Toronto: Sisters Mary MacDougall and Mary Jackson sent glowing reports of their reception at **Uranium City**, Saskatchewan, where they taught in Religious Vacation School for a month this summer. The children were unspoiled and delightfully eager for the truths of our Holy Faith. The sisters felt that one reason for the unspoiled nature of the children was the complete absence of TV and the comparative rarity of even radios due to the very poor reception in the area.

Sisters Coughlin and Denis had a royal welcome at **Hornepayne**, Ontario. When they alighted from the train they found Reverend Father Doblesteyn, Mrs. Burns, who was to be their hostess for the two weeks of Vacation School, and about thirty of the children waiting to greet them on the platform.

Sister Denis tells this one. At a Religious Vacation School which was close enough to home for the Sisters to commute daily, a young lad approached Sister and said, "Sister, Mom said not

HORSE-POWER WAS MUCH SAFER WHEN ONLY HORSES HAD IT.

to bring your lunch tomorrow, she'll make it and send it along with us." Sister was very grateful and said so. On his way out the youngster looked

back and said, casually, "You'd better bring a sandwich anyway Sister, in case we forget."

Edmonton: The fifteen S.O.S. who attended the Western Canada Summer School for Religious in Calgary and the other fifteen who attended in Edmonton were most enthusiastic about the Course and grateful for the privilege of attending. Courses were given in

Ascetic Theology by Very Reverend G. J. Ehmann, C.Ss.R., Catechetics by Reverend R. W. Meagher, S.J., Theology of the Incarnation by Reverend J. I. Hochban, S. J., and The Holy Scriptures by Reverend R. A. MacKenzie, S.J.

Montreal: The Holy Family Group of the Christian Family Movement has been functioning for two years at the Montreal Club. The members are former residents and their husbands. As the time for their Cana Conference Day approached, many of the group were faced with the problem of getting a baby-sitter for a whole day. The Club girls rose to the occasion. As whole families arrived at the Club for the Day of Recollection, the small fry were carried off by their sitters to the rumpus room for the duration. Both sitters and sittees appear to have enjoyed themselves.



Sister Duffley, baby sitters and their young charges.

Sinnett: The Loyola Nifty Stitchers won first prize at the Humboldt, Saskatchewan Fair for their 4H project. They won firsts also for their 4H banner and poster and second prize for

their flag. Individual pupils of Loyola Continuation School in Sinnett won prizes for writing, scrap books, posters on tractor-safety and murals.

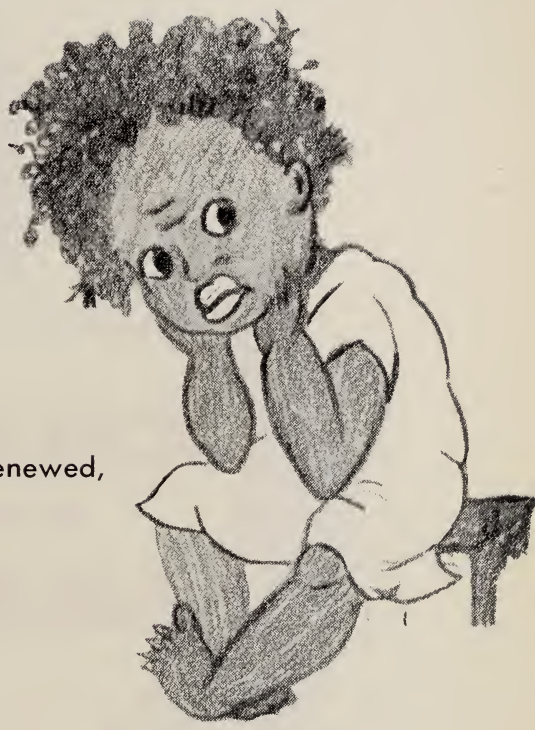
Edson: Archbishop Jordan of Edmonton administered Confirmation this year at some of the Edson missions. While questioning the children at one place he asked, "With what do I confirm?" He, of course, expected that

the answer would be "With Holy Chrism". The Archbishop, and the congregation, were somewhat taken aback when the youngster answered, "With your thumb, Your Grace."

A POLITICAL WAR IS ONE IN WHICH EVERYONE SHOOTS FROM THE LIP.

TROUBLES?

Ah has troubles !
Yo' has troubles ?
Ah know, everbody do !
But when subscriptions aren't renewed,
O, Honey, ah gets blue !



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